

# LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 703.—VOL XXVII.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[THE RECOGNITION.]

## THAT YOUNG PERSON.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance," etc.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,  
The glorious sun broke out,  
And love, and hope, and gratitude  
Dispell'd that miserable mood  
Of darkness and of doubt.

THE manager was mistaken in his conclusion, for Janet came under neither appellation.

The manager lost no time in informing Miss Oriel he had no further occasion for her services, and he forthwith determined to secure the debutante as a permanent addition to his company. He was aware that after her success Miss D'Arcy could in a measure name her own terms; other managers would accept them if he did not; so making a virtue of necessity he finally engaged her for one year at the same salary her predecessor had enjoyed, a sum which seemed almost fabulous wealth to Nina.

Then came a grand consultation between Mr. D'Arcy and his niece as to their future home. Mrs. Brett was to leave Great College Street in March, and Nina had no desire to linger there, and so it came to pass that when the drama of "Brenda" was still at the height of its success, its heroine and her uncle took possession of a very pretty villa at Wandsworth, just large enough to hold themselves, Mrs. Brett, Bessie, a neat maid servant, and that most discreet and venerable of cats, 'Yowler.' They were landlady and lodgers no longer, it was Mr. D'Arcy's house, but Mrs. Brett was still the domestic authority. Nina spent her days in reading to her uncle, walking with him, or teaching Bessie.

By-and-bye other claims came on her time. She was very popular in the company of the New

Theatre, and as the spring advanced, many were her invitations to rural luncheons, days at the Crystal Palace, rows on the river, or late suppers after the theatre was over. These could not always be refused unless she wished to be considered proud and unsociable, so Nina's quiet life was interrupted by many a gaiety.

She even attended certain select croquet parties at Mr. Gordon's house at Fulham, and there she was introduced to hosts of people, at least one half of whom were not of the theatrical world. She was far from guessing that some came there only for her sake.

She went where she was asked with Mr. D'Arcy always at her side. She was grateful for the kindness she received, but she did not enjoy herself.

She fancied the attentions offered only to the actress.

She did not know the power of her beauty, and never suspected that more than one of the sons of fashion who frequented Mrs. Gordon's garden parties only waited an opportunity to ask her to be his partner for something longer than a game at croquet or Badminton.

Gerald Duncan came there among the rest, despite his fair young wife. He sought the society of the beautiful actress. He had forgotten her fancied resemblance to his old love in an intense, fervent admiration for herself. He called it admiration, but it was warm enough for another name.

Rosamond knew nothing, suspected nothing. Gerald was somewhat more amiable of late, and as to his being much from home, young Mrs. Duncan was growing used to that. She had altered very much in the short space of her married life; only with her father and mother did she ever appear her old gay sprightly self. For them she forced her smiles; she made believe to be happy.

At any cost she would save them the pain of knowing that she had given the treasure of her fresh young heart to receive only cold dead athesia returns. Besides, in spite of all she loved Gerald, and

would fain screen his faults; he was her husband and the father of her two children—of the babe who slept in his little grave, and of the two years' old prattler in the stately nursery.

Royal Tracy had not gone to Woodlands for the Christmas season, as was his custom. He had remained in town, and many of his evenings were spent at the New Theatre. If he did not stay he never failed to look in for half an hour. Anxious to escape observation, he quitted the stalls and patronised a private box, where, with the curtains drawn, he could watch Janet, unseen by her. And so accustomed did the box-keeper grow to this fancy, that when demands were made for the box E, he answered quite naturally, as a matter of course, that it was engaged.

Royal sought out all his acquaintance connected with the drama; but they were few, and Easter had passed before he obtained an introduction to Mr. Gordon. The manager, who knew him well by name, and was aware of his nightly visits to the theatre, soon invited the young man to his house; such an acquaintance could do no harm, besides he had daughters' and although Mr. Tracy's heart appeared engaged elsewhere, it could do no harm to let him have a glimpse at their perfections. So he drove the politician down to Fulham, in his own gig-phæton, and en route, the latter, accidentally, of course, turned the conversation on the drama "Brenda."

"I should not be surprised if it were to run till Christmas," observed the manager, complacently; "Miss D'Arcy has made a great hit as Brenda."

"Have you known Miss D'Arcy long—can you tell me if that is her real name?"

"Certainly," replied the other with conviction. "I have known her uncle for fifteen years, and always as Mr. D'Arcy."

But Royal doubted still.

The garden at Fulham was charming, the day just the right temperature for croquet. Royal, ignoring the game, had the supreme honour of parading the grand walk with Mrs. Gordon. A turn brought

them face to face with another couple; a girl, who leant on an old man's arm. Royal knew them, he could not be mistaken, it was she who had been called Janet Clive. Instinct told him that was not the moment to renew his acquaintance. Mrs. Gordon introduced him to Mr. and Miss D'Aroy; but the pale beautiful actress gave no sign that his name was familiar to her, and Royal passed on with his hostess, strangely puzzled.

That day was destined to recall another memory of the past to the girl who called herself Nina D'Aroy. Mr. Tracy was hardly out of sight when one of the manager's daughters came up to ask her to join in a game of croquet. She agreed at once, and walked slowly to the spot where the hoops were set, and stood idly toying with her mallet while Miss Gordon hunted up recruits. The eight players were found at last, and one of them as a stranger—it was his first visit—was specially named to Nina as Mr. Duncanson. A slight bow on her part, a very low one and a look of profound admiration on his, then the meeting was over. The actress had not faltered or changed colour. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. The sight of the man taught her that time had done its work. This man had no longer power to influence her. The wild hate, the fierce contempt that had replaced her passionate love had died out. She would always have a dim, shadowy interest in him as having been the hero of her youth, but nothing more. He could no longer inspire her with love or hate, joy or sorrow. She had regained the peace of other years, her heart was free.

Arthur Granville went back to the Towers. He took up again the placid, careful existence he had renounced nearly eight years before, as his uncle's heir. He fell back into his old habits, humoured and managed the general as no one else could, hunted with a seal Englishman alone, and became as in his earlier days, the darling of the villagers and the admiration of the neighbouring gentry.

So little was changed, so much remained the same, that but for three things he might almost have forgotten that he had ever been away. One was the memory of 'Liza, but that was in the past.

Mrs. Brett's daughter was dead, and to be faithful to the dead is not in man's nature. The second was the fact that somewhere or other on the wide earth was the little creature whom he had last seen unable to call him father, the sole link that bound him to his first love, and the third the presence of Ethel Templeton at the Towers.

As the months wore on, this girl with her sweet face and her large, clear, truthful eyes crept into his heart. It was such a one he should have married: at first he only thought of this vaguely, as of a mistake in his past life, then he thought less and less of 'Liza, more and more of Ethel, till he came to calculate sadly the difference between thirty-five and twenty, and wonder whether it were selfish to wish this fair girl, who was yet in the bloom of her youth, with her future all before her, to spend that future with him who had flattered away the morning of his days, and had but the noontide to offer her.

They breathed the same air, they saw the same surroundings, they lived in the same house, and before long they were friends. No one ever suggested their becoming anything more. The companions of Arthur's boyhood were steady family men.

He seemed far too old for Ethel Templeton, so rumours disturbed their growing intimacy. If the idea had once occurred to him, the general would have been too enchanted to possess Ethel for his niece, but since Arthur's return the old man had never once broached the subject of his marriage. Perhaps he feared to be again deserted by the nephew of whom he was so proud, and regarded his celibacy as the lesser evil of the two, though he never ceased to regret it.

To be silent to everyone on a grievance would have killed the general outright. One sympathiser was the least he could exist with, and he chose Ethel.

"It's a thousand pities," he began one day as they stood on the terrace steps watching the retreating figure of Arthur. "We came in with the conqueror, and there's not a man in the country can sit a horse like that boy. He ought to consider what he owes to his family."

Ethel did not quite see the drift of this lamentation, but when the general once began to grumble, he required no answer. A listener was all he needed.

"The very last of the Granvilles," he continued. "And as sure as fate, when he dies the Towers will go to a fifteenth cousin, a mere half-stayed sort of

man, with a wife who's six feet two high and a dozen children."

He mentioned the children as though they were a special misfortune.

"But you won't be here to see it, you know, general, so it won't matter," suggested Ethel, consolingly.

"No matter, child! Why, if I'd been dead a hundred years I'd know if there wasn't a Granville at the Towers. Just think of that woman stalking about here as mistress and her dozen children racing after my flower beds. It's not the slightest use your talking, Ethel. (She was perfectly silent.) I won't be contradicted. I will be master in my own family, and I say that every man who is the least of his name ought to marry, and he doesn't do his duty unless—that's my opinion."

"I should have thought you would have preferred things as they are," said Ethel, bravely. "You have Mr. Granville here all to yourself, and—"

"And pray, young lady," interrupted the general, angrily, "is my house so small that it would be impossible to provide for the accommodation of a Mrs. Arthur Granville. Let me tell you, Ethel, that in the time of King George III, my great grandfather not only lived here himself with his wife and four daughters, but his three sons and their wives too."

"How they must have quarrelled," observed the listener.

"Not at all; the Granvilles never quarrel, they enjoyed each other's society. I think how much pleasanter it would be for all of us if Arthur had a wife, instead of being shut up with Mrs. Granville drinking strong tea all day—you're ruining your complexion by it, you're quite yellow this morning—and reading a pack of trashy novels; you'd be able to go visiting and hunting. Then of an evening, while Mrs. Granville does her knitting, we could play at whist."

Miss Templeton was quite rude enough to yawn in prospect of this picture of domestic felicity.

"We are much better as we are. I hate cards."

"In my day, young ladies did not make a point of contradicting their guardians."

"Perhaps their guardians weren't such dear cross old creatures as you are," said Miss Ethel, with one small hand on his arm; "but you know, general, I never could learn whist; don't you remember the last time we played at Mr. Codd's I trampled your king of hearts, put my ace on your queen, and made three revoke."

"Ugh."

"Suppose we go for a walk," suggested Ethel, hoping the grumbling fit was over.

"I can't, I'm busy. I have to consult Mrs. Granville on something of the greatest importance."

As he never consulted his wife except to refuse her advice, and seldom paid her the empty honour, Ethel was rather curious.

"As to you, Miss Templeton," continued the general, looking positively amiable, "you'd better write up to London for a gown, and if you don't mind your p's and q's I shall tell the gardener to look the door of the conservatory, and then you won't be able to steal the camellias, so you'd best be on your good behaviour."

"What is going to happen?" cried Ethel.

"You'll see all in good time."

"Are the fifteenth cousin and his tall wife and their dozen children coming on a visit. We might have two whist parties then if one or two of the children were moderately intelligent."

"If they're all like you I pity their father. Come along, child, Mrs. Granville'll be down by this time."

It was eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Granville had actually managed to reach the drawing-room, and with her knitting basket, was enthroned on the sofa. When Ethel first came to the Towers her guardian's wife had volunteered to knit her a shawl; its progress resembled that of the counterpane Janet Clive once commenced at Provington, for it was still on braid, and Miss Templeton saw little chance of its ever being finished, as although Mrs. Granville never moved without her knitting basket, she so seldom took out its contents, and worked so slowly when she did, that the fourth stripe of the shawl was still incomplete.

"I don't get on very fast," the old lady would say sometimes, "but now I am so far it will soon be done, and a shawl is always useful, my dear."

And Ethel invariably begged her not to hurry herself, as she should like it just as well whenever it was finished, but on revanche it sometimes occurred to the young lady that if she had depended solely on her old friend's industry she would have suffered considerably from the cold.

The general seated himself beside his wife with considerable ceremony, and Ethel, who always derived much amusement from these so-called consultations, took care not to be far off.

Mrs. Granville slowly folded up her knitting, and prepared to listen to her husband's eloquence; she often listened and seldom spoke, his whole life, to quote from a grammar, was in the "passive voice."

"It is three months since Arthur came home," commenced the general. "I wish you would listen to me, Mrs. Granville, instead of sitting with that eternal basket. I tell you it is three months since Arthur came home."

"Very likely, Gervase; I'm sure I never know how the time goes."

"And it is my opinion, Mrs. Granville—listen well—it's my opinion we have behaved remarkably shabbily in the three months the boy has been here; we haven't had a single dinner-party, in fact, not a living creature has taken sip or sup in the house."

"I'm sure I never thought of it," began the aunt.

"I dare say the dear boy is dull, it's natural to like a little society at his age."

"You are quite wrong, Mrs. Granville, you always are wrong; it's my belief Arthur would vegetate quite happily on a desert island, provided he had his horse, a gun, and some decent cigars. I don't think he appreciates the difference between England and—Nova Zembla; but I hope I know a little better what is due to our position. We must give a party."

Mrs. Granville looked amazed at her husband, who had calmly and grumbled for a month before the yearly dance. To propose of his own accord to give a party! Wonders would never cease.

"Certainly, Gervase; still it is hardly the time of year."

"It isn't Lent," growled the general; "Blankshire's pretty full; everyone's down for the Easter recess, and if they weren't I suppose we're not quite so busy but we could scrape up enough to give a quadrille."

"A quadrille?" repeated Ethel. "Do you really mean to give a dance, General Granville?"

"Yes, child, and before a fortnight is over your head, so you'd better sew and get ready in time."

He had a mysterious respect for a lady's dress; he quite believed all Ethel's energies from that moment to the day of the dance would be concentrated on her dress. Evidently this party was no sudden fancy, for his pocket he produced a memorandum of the destined guests, some fifty or sixty high-sounding names; but to Miss Templeton's dismay, there was a proportion of two-and-a-half ladies to each gentleman.

"Must we really ask the six Miss Sedcombes," inquired Mrs. Granville, who hated a crowd; "wouldn't the three eldest be enough?"

"It's no use doing things by halves; when I give a dance I invite my friends. I hope one or two more to supper won't ruin me; but remember, not a word of this to Arthur!"

"It will be a pleasant surprise for the dear boy," said the fond aunt, who frequently forgot that the bronzed traveller was no longer in his teens.

Ethel saw through the general's tactics perfectly; and was not a little amused, even while she wondered how Arthur Granville would like this assemblage of the élite of Blankshire in his honour; and whether he would divine that his uncle hoped he would fall a captive to the charms of one of the said élite.

"Arthur, my boy," began the general, about a week later at the breakfast table, "I hope you have no engagement for next Thursday."

"None whatever; is anything special going to happen then?"

"I hope you will spend the evening at home. I think we shall be able to make it pass agreeably to you," and the old gentleman, frowning unappealingly (hearts at Ethel, who was laughing behind the large silver coffee pot.

"Are you going for a walk, Miss Templeton?" asked Arthur, meeting her on the terrace steps a little later.

"No, only in the park. It is so warm, I thought it would be pleasant there under the trees."

She never was quite at ease alone with him. She had even begun to shun his society, and yet she liked him. Perhaps he too found that April morning warm, for he followed her to the seat beneath the stately elms, and asked with his rare smile:

"What particular mischief is my uncle hatching. I am sure you are in his confidence."

"I do not think the general is mischievously inclined."

"Well, then, what is going to happen next Thursday? It's Saturday now, you know, so I have only five days to prepare for the grand event."

"How do you know that anything is going to happen?"

"Oh, by plenty of signs. For the last week I have never entered the drawing-room but what my aunt has been giving me mysterious consultations with



show one which has come to a dead stop at my appearance. My uncle looks untold mysteries, and nods his head occasionally whenever he thinks I don't see him. Finally he requests me to stay at home next Thursday. Consequently I presume some thing wonderful is to occur, which you are all keeping a great secret from me. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I throw myself on your mercy to tell me what it is. If you refuse I shall have to resort to Aunt Sarah. She never could keep a secret in her life. When I was a youngster at school and she wanted to surprise me by a hamper, she always wrote a week beforehand to warn me that it was coming."

"She was very wise. It might have been lost on the road."

"Miss Templeton, you are evading the question. Come, I ought to know that I may make fitting preparations."

"Guess."

"Three of the oldest, driest, stupidest inhabitants of Blankshire are specially invited to form a rubber of whist."

Ethel laughed, and borrowing the words of the 'fat boy' in Pickwick, answered, "Worse than that."

"I am not quite so venerable as Mrs. Wandle, so don't be afraid of overpowering me. I can survive anything."

"Can you survive anybody, Mr. Granville?"

"That is more difficult. Pray who is the body in question?"

"Do you know the Misses Sedgewcombe?"

"Unhappily, yes. Don't tell me, the general has invited one of them to spend the evening."

"The whole six."

"Good gracious."

"And," continued Ethel, braving her guardian's wrath, now that the ice was fairly broken, "that is not all; there are the four Miss Mesphersons and their mamma, and Mrs. Bran and her six sisters, and the Ashleys, the Duboys, and the Vases, and I can't tell you who else."

"Those are quite enough. A party, eh?"

"Yes; in your honour."

"Am I destined to be the sole gentleman? If so I shall be taken suddenly ill and unable to appear."

"For shame, Mr. Granville. There will be the general and Mr. Bran, and besides each young lady will bring her papa."

"What will she do with him when she has brought him?"

"He will probably sit down by the side of some one else's mamma; or he will have a chat with the general on the two principles of his creed: how that England is the finest country on the face of the globe, and the army the only calling fit for an Englishman."

"Or, perhaps, if he has a little youthful ardour left, he may walk through a quadrille."

"What is there to be dancing? Who thought of this party?"

"The general."

"He must have altered, for he used to hate company. I have known him grumble for a week before a dinner party."

"He grumbled for three before our last; but this is not an ordinary party."

"She had said too much; it certainly was not her place to reveal the general's private wishes to his nephew. She blushed crimson. Arthur Granville enjoyed her confusion."

"Why is it not an ordinary party? Won't there be any supper; will people dance on their heads, or what other phenomenon will render it so remarkable?"

"Don't ask me, please; the general would be so angry, it is his secret."

"I won't tempt you to betray confidence. I shall have a nice quiet little chat with my aunt. In half an hour, without asking a single question, I shall be as wise as you are now."

Ethel did not inform him his aunt was as ignorant as himself. "Poor Mrs. Granville. She can never keep a secret."

"Can you?" His gay, light manner had flown, there was a strange earnestness in his tone.

"I do not know," said Ethel, simply. "I don't think I ever had one of my own to keep."

She looked so young and innocent in her light spring dress, the sunshine falling on her bright, upturned face, that a wit longing asked him that he were worthy of her, that he could live over again his idle, aimless life; more than all that he could blot out those last seven years and restore Eliza Brett, happy and peaceful, to the shelter of the rustic cottage whence he had only taken her for her sorrow, only to let her die with a heart wish ungratified.

His love for Ethel was the master passion of his life; already it filled his heart and soul and formed a part of his being. That same affection made him tender for the memory of the dead girl whom when he first met her had been as fair and young as Ethel. Oh, why had he not left the village road to bloom in peace on its stalk. The flower had been transplanted only to fade and die.

He was free, but could he marry Ethel without a word of the dark, sad page in his history, nor of the lost daughter who might one day claim her home, and if he told all could he hope that this girl, yet in the spring tide of life, would consent to spend her future with him.

Something of all this passed through his mind as he sat there at her side in the April sunshine. It was almost a reproach to him when she said she had never had a secret.

He was silent for so long that Ethel wondered. At last he spoke, and his voice almost trembled:

"I wish I never had."

Ethel could not answer him. She guessed that some heavy trouble had blighted those long years over which he had flung a veil of silence, and he had grown too much to her for her to be indifferent to his happiness.

Arthur continued:

"Ethel, I am not worthy of you. My life has been frittered away in vain, useless pursuits, but I must tell you this once all you are to me. I love you, child. Even in the short space I have known you, you are dearer to me than all the world. I am a selfish egotist to tell you so. I am thirty-five, you barely twenty. Ethel, can you bridge over the fifteen years between us. My innocent darling, can you love one so unworthy of you?"

She was silent. Only the world had suddenly grown very happy to her. Only that she did not withdraw the hand he had taken.

He added, passionately:

"I never felt the worthlessness of my life as I feel it now. I never realised how I had mispent my years. Since I have known you, Ethel, I have longed to live for greater, nobler aims. Will you help me?"

"Yes."

He bent and kissed the hand he held, then as a man who dares not believe in his own happiness, as one who forces himself to a resolution, he broke the sweet mystic silence that had fallen on both.

"Ethel, there is a deep, dark shadow over my past. I ought to tell you all. I would rather you should know the worst."

"Don't tell me," she answered. "I would rather trust you."

"Trust me! Oh, child, what ought not I to do to be worthy of such faith."

"It is in the past?"

"Yes, my darling. All was over before I knew you, and in the future I will never have a secret from you."

He kissed her on her full red lips. That kiss signed their betrothal. Poor Eliza, who had loved Arthur so tenderly, was forgotten there.

The morning stole away, the great gong sounded for lunch, and the lovers were still beneath the elms. They rose then hurriedly.

Arthur went straight to the dining-room. Ethel slipped upstairs.

When she came down they were at lunch, following a favourite rule of the general, never to wait for any one.

Mrs. Granville began a meek reproach on Ethel's not having come to read to her that morning, and her husband showed himself particularly anxious to know how his ward had spent her time.

Never had lunch seemed so interminable to Ethel. At last it was over.

Mrs. Granville retreated to the drawing-room, and Ethel prepared to follow her when a hand was laid on her arm, and Arthur led her towards the window where the general stood surveying his gardens with the greatest satisfaction.

"Hey, what is it now?" inquired the old gentleman, sedulously perceiving them. "What has given you such a colour, Ethel?"

"I want your congratulations, sir," said his nephew.

"This is the future Mrs. Granville?"

"Hey day! Good gracious! Do you mean it? Dear me, didn't what have I been about not to see it all along?" He embraced Ethel. He wrung his nephew's hand with the greatest cordiality, but perfect felicity was impossible to the general. A regret seized him.

"Why didn't you tell me before? If only you'd settled it a week ago you would have saved us all the fuss of this ball. All the invitations are out now, and we shall be obliged to have fifty-two people here next Thursday whether we want them or not."

## CHAPTER XIX.

JONATHAN WILD had not entirely retired from business on Gerald Duncan's becoming his partner. He might be a little less regular in his attendance at the office, but when there, he was actually, as well as nominally, its master.

But in the third winter after Rosamond's marriage, he had a serious illness.

For weeks he was a prisoner to the house; then came a long sojourn at the sea-side, so that altogether he was away from business six months.

Gerald Duncan replaced him, as was natural and fitting.

He was invested with full and unlimited authority, and bisterly though the merchant fretted at his enforced inaction, he had every confidence in his son-in-law.

Rosamond's loving deceit had succeeded; he never guessed how dire a mistake had been her marriage.

It was August when Mr. Wild returned to London. The Duncans had not expected him for another month, and when he went to the office he found not only was Gerald absent, but he had not been there that week.

The merchant was annoyed. He had worked hard to gain his fortune, and his daughter's husband seemed to care only to spend it.

He went into his private room and ordered one of the clerks to bring him the books of the firm.

"They are locked up, sir. Mr. Duncan has the key."

The senior partner possessed a duplicate, but he did not say so.

He looked himself in, and then opened the great iron safe, and took out the books in question, also the duplicate cheque books.

Of these there were two. One banking amount stood in his own private name, the other in that of the firm.

Gerald Duncan, of course, had free liberty to sign the last, but the first was sacred to his father-in-law.

Jonathan Wild spent full an hour in examining the books, and his survey displeased him.

During his absence, besides the ordinary expenses of the firm, a sum of one hundred thousand pounds had been drawn from the bank.

There was no such heavy payment due, and nowhere could he find an entry either of the receipt of the sum, or the use to which it had been applied. His face grew grave.

From the first moment of their connection he doubted Gerald, but his doubt grew almost certainty, when turning to the other cheque book, he saw that a draught for fifty thousand pounds had been signed on the first of March.

On the first of March he had been at Torquay, unable to hold a pen.

The signature was a forgery. Only one man had the power to have thus injured him, and that man was the husband of his only child.

He sat on, as though stunned by the blow. He was an honest man.

His family had been respected always for their strict integrity.

He tried hard to believe Gerald innocent, but the proofs were too strong.

One hundred thousand pounds also were missing. What could the culprit have wanted money for?

His wife's fortune alone brought him ten thousand a year, and he drew a similar sum as junior partner. After a long and silent struggle, the merchant rang his bell.

"Send me Johnson."

Johnson was an old man, who had grown grey in Mr. Wild's service.

He was a simple clerk, nothing more, but the soul of honesty, and devoted to his employer.

"Sit down," was the unexpected order, "I want to speak to you."

Mr. Johnson was amazed at the agitation in Jonathan Wild's manner.

He thought him ill.

"Had you not better go home, sir?" he suggested respectfully.

"I am well enough," said the other, with a ghostly smile. "I wanted to ask you one or two questions. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Duncan is not here this morning."

But he was so long before he asked his questions, that the clerk began to think he had forgotten them.

"Who cashes the cheques?"

"I do, sir, generally. Mr. Duncan is very particular that it should be always the same person."

"Did you cash one in March for fifty thousand pounds?"

"On your private account, was it not, sir. Yes, I

cached it. Mr. Duncan gave it me as soon as he opened your letter. And the notes were sent to you at Torquay, the same day."

"That will do!"

Proof upon proof!

He could not wait in patience. He longed to accuse the man who had so lately betrayed his confidence.

He ordered a cab and drove to Lancaster Gate, never doubting that he should find Gerald at home.

He was mistaken. He found Rosamond alone with her little girl, a pretty, light-eyed child, the young wife's comfort in many a trouble. She started up to meet her father in glad astonishment.

"This is a happy surprise, papa. When did you come home? How is mamma? Have you seen Gerald?"

As he looked on her and her innocent child, and thought of the fearful blight that must fall on them, Jonathan Wild shuddered. He could have called on the very walls to cry out and denounce Gerald's baseness.

"We came back last night," he said, replying to the earnest questions. "And your mamma is much as usual." He sat down. He took his little granddaughter in his arms, but even Rosamond could see that some heavy trouble occupied him.

He spoke no word, only his hand rested with a strange tenderness on the little one's golden head. In alarm his daughter rang for the nurse to take away the children, and when they were once more alone, she asked, anxiously:

"What is the matter, father, there is some trouble. I can see it written on your face."

"Where is your husband?"

"At the office," she replied, surprised at such a simple question. "He always is there at this time of day."

"He had not been there when I left half-an-hour ago. He was not there yesterday or the day before."

Rosamond's first thought was to defend her husband.

"I don't understand what you mean, papa. Gerald is very attentive to business. If he is not at the office it is because the interests of the firm took him somewhere else."

But the father was unconvinced, and she added:

"Why did you want him so specially. Is there anything wrong at the office?"

"Yes."

"Father," she cried, impatiently going to him and leaning both hands on his shoulders, "don't torture me like this. I know something terrible has happened, and that it concerns Gerald. Be merciful. Tell me what it is."

He knew it was, indeed, the truest mercy. In a hushed voice, for he knew no syllable of that story must reach other ears, he told her all.

"It is false," she cried, passionately. "Why do you accuse Gerald, there are plenty of other people in the office. It must have been one of them!"

"It was him, Rosamond. He has betrayed my trust, but he shall answer to me for his treachery."

Mrs. Duncan rose. "You shall not speak of him like this. I am his wife, father, and I will not hear you."

He showed no anger at her indignation. He only murmured brokenly, "My poor child." Rosamond's pride gave way. She burst into a flood of tears.

"I am sure it is not true. Why do you condemn him, unheard. The meanest criminal has a right to defend himself."

"When do you expect him home?"

"Not till late."

"Have you any engagement for this evening?"

"Yes—no—that is I have not, but I can't answer for Gerald."

"I will come back at seven. Heaven help you, my child."

(To be continued.)

### THE BUBBLE THAT BURSTS.

Did you ever blow soap-bubbles when you were a child? You were never a child if you did not; and having blown them, you know that it was the largest and brightest that burst first. Just when it shone most brilliantly, and grew balloon-like in its proportions, it was gone. Dull, leaden things rolled about on the carpet for seconds together, but that vision of splendour flashed on us but to vanish.

So it is all through life. We blow bubbles for ever, and some of them last a good while; but the glorious ones, the bubbles into which are blown the

dreams that are sweetest and the hopes that are fairest, the bubbles in which are put our hearts as we see them, rosy and beautiful, rising into love's sunlight, these are the bubbles that burst soonest and leave no trace of brightness behind them.

Now and then, as we stretched out our tiny hands to grasp those bubbles that we blew in childhood, one drop would wet them as the splendid phantoms vanished beneath our touch. So now, often and often our bubbles leave nothing but tears behind them.

They were nothing, they are nothing; but oh, how bright they seemed! And it was the brightest and sweetest that vanished first.

M. K. D.

### "EVERY HEART KNOWS ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

Oh, heart, go out of your hiding-place,  
And wander where you will,  
Through the city and through the town,  
Over the dale and hill—  
Over the sea with its thousand isles,  
Over the rivers—go  
In quest of a single human soul  
That never hath "known a woe."

You may enter the palace of the king—  
The poor man's humble cot—  
The palace where great wealth beautifies,  
And where it bleases not;  
But, should you travel for long, long years,  
Till centuries had flown,  
In search of mortals sorrow-proof,  
You'd come back, heart, alone!

Oh, hands, that have too much work to do (?)  
And weary of your toil,  
That fain would change with idle hands,  
Fair hands, "too white to soil;"  
Work on! for you have the promise sweet  
To the faithful toilers given,  
As you sow good seed along the way,  
From earth to the gate of heaven.

Oh, feet, that are climbing the up-hill road,  
Oft pierced with the sharpest thorns,  
Oft tempted out of the narrow way  
Into the flowery lawns,  
Climb on, with the aid of your trusty staff—  
Up, upward toward the sun—  
For the goal you seek is just in sight,  
And the bright crown almost won!

M. A. K.

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

#### THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical season has set in with unusual severity. A mere glance at the choice presented to the play-going public for an evening's amusement displays an embarrass of riches positively bewildering. Drury-lane is running its magnificent historic Clobberian spectacle, founded on Shakespeare, entitled Richard the Third, ushered in by "That Beautiful Biopsy," and epitomised by the "Storm Fiend," a red-hot ballet of action.

At COVENT GARDEN, Signor Arditi has imported Wagner from Bayreuth, with selections from the Gotterdammerung, among which is prominent the funeral march on the death of Siegfried, conducted (as at Bayreuth) by that prince of violinists, Herr Wilhelmj. The last portion, we cannot call it the finale, of Wagner's musik-drama, is also done in masterly style, to the immense wonderment of those to whom "the music of the future" is a mystery. To console those, however, who still admire and comprehend the music of the "ignorant present," they have Madame Louise Pyne (Mrs. Frank Bodda), warbling "Una voce" (Rossini), and "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall," Agnes Larkcom lilting the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and sentimentalising the "Old Bayley" ballad; "She wore a wreath of Roses," Signori De Bassini and Medica rattling off "Sill'idea di quel metallo" (Il Barbiere), with all sorts of miscellaneous high-class instrumental pieces, and all this amidst groves of ferns and fountains by Dyck Radclyffe, and blocks of real ice and crystal chandeliers, multiplied by crystal mirrors and festooned with gorgeous draperies, "for the small charge of one shilling," by the Messrs. Gatti.

At the HAYMARKET, "The Balance of Comfort," (Boyle Bernard) ushers in "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith," in which the balance inclines to the uncomfortable. Nevertheless it is emphatically a good play, and does credit to its able author and to the Haymarket Company.

At the ADELPHI "Arrah-na-Pogue" holds its place in the bills and in the favour of the public, thanks to Maggie Moore and Miss Hudspeth, with J. O. Williamson, Shiel Barry, W. Tarriss, and J. G. Shore.

At the PRINCESS'S, "Jane Shore," which we shall notice elsewhere, also—

At the QUEEN'S THEATRE, "Henry the Fifth," supported by Phelps (Henry IV.), Mr. Ryder, and Mr. Coleman (Henry V.), Mead, with Miss Fowler; and Miss Leighton.

THE STRAND THEATRE is all alive. First we have an original farce "Reading for the Bar," after which Charles Matthews's comedy of "The Dowager," supported by Lottie Venne, Florence Brunel and Ada Swanborough, Messrs J. G. Grahame, Harry Cox, H. Carter, and W. H. Vernon. Last, but not least, is an original opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay, called the "Princess Toto," to which we shall give a separate notice as soon as space serves.

THE OLYMPIC has opened under the management of Mr. Henry Neville, with a new comedietta "Keep Your Eye on Her," and a version of "Le Bossu" entitled "The Duke's Device," very nicely put on the stage, and remarkably well acted by Misses Carlisle, Amy Crawford and Camille Dubois, the male personages being represented by Messrs. Henry Neville, Frank Archer, Flookton, Grainger, Culver, Cameron, W. J. Hill and Robert Pateman, the last a valuable importation from the New World.

At the GLOBE THEATRE Burnett's version of "Jo," with Miss Jennie Lee in the name part, is running as strong as ever.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA, after its many ups and downs, is now in a most creditable and respectable groove; we hope it may continue so with success. Under Miss Marie Henderson's direction, and the responsible management of Mr. J. Aubrey, the great drama, "Twist Axo and Crown," is being played with Mrs. Rousby in the rôle of the Princess Elizabeth.

THE Gaiety, our true "London Theatre of Varieties," is presenting Mr. J. H. Byron as Sir Simon Simple in his own comedy, "Not Such a Fool as he Looks," and the same author's capital burlesque "Little Don Cesar de Bazan." On Saturday "Cyril's Success," Byron's five-act comedy, supported by Miss Litton, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. E. Terry, and Miss E. Farren was the attraction, and on the succeeding Saturday afternoon Miss Emily Soldene will make her only appearance in "Genevieve de Brabant," previous to her departure for America, when also will be performed Arthur Sullivan's "Trial by Jury."

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE opens on Saturday, October 14th, under the approved management of Mrs. John Wood, with a new and eccentric comedy in four acts, called "Three Millions of Money," which may be said to be "no joke."

THE VAUDEVILLE still flourishes by the immortality of "Our Boys."

At the COURT THEATRE Miss Helen Barry resumed her original character in Dion Boucicault's comedy-drama, "Led Astray."

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE has produced "Don Quixote" as a grand spectacular and comic opera. The music, which is admirable, by Frederic Clay, the libretto, which is above the average, by Messrs. Maltby and H. Poulton; the ballets, which are diverting and splendid, by Lauri; the machinery and properties, which are ingenious and tasteful, by Messrs. Norman and Buckley. Then there are the Gerards and the Fiji Flatterers, and Mdlle. Partoldi as premiere danseuse, so that the reputation of the Alhambra in these matters "mounts no feather."

THE CRITERION continues "The Great Divorce Case," with Charles Wyncham; "Mary's Secret," and "The Tale of a Tub."

THE NATIONAL STANDARD after running "The Shaugbraun" for four nights will enter on a new series of performances. A new drama entitled "True till Death" is in rehearsal, and the pantomime will be "The Forty Thieves."

At the SURREY CONQUEST and Pettitt's stirring drama "Queen's Evidence" is capitally acted and drawing good houses; "Jo v. Jo" sending the audiences away in a laughing mood at the management of "The Atlas Theatre in Coalscuttle Street."

THE BRITANNIA still keeps "The Fighting 41st," and "Bitter Cold" in the bills, with the addendum of a Concert.

AND thus, having paragraphed such theatres as commend themselves to our notice by established good things, or praiseworthy novelties, we reserve more detailed criticism for an early opportunity.





[CHRISTMAS EVE.]

## TRUE WORTH.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNCLE GEORGE had spent nearly the entire day before Christmas in riding about from shop to shop, and purchasing presents for those to whom he was so truly attached—the families of Mr. Benson, and his partner, Henry Scott.

A long rest, late in the afternoon, quite restored him, and he could not resist the longing he felt to go out in the evening for the purpose of watching the hundreds of smiling, delighted children whom he knew would throng the streets at that hour, to gaze upon the bountiful provisions made for their pleasures by the shopkeepers.

Accordingly, after tea, muffling himself well up, he sallied forth, and was soon enjoying himself to his heart's content, listening to the prattle of the children, as they flitted from window to window.

As he was moving along, with his hands behind him, his bluff, honest face half buried in his muffler, his ear caught the sound of a familiar voice behind him, which caused his pulse to quicken, and he nervously turned his head half aside, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright.

As he did so, two happy children darted past him, and ran, half frantic with delight, to a large bay-window which was filled with the most beautiful and attractive toys.

In another moment, the parents also passed him, and stood near the window, engaged in conversation, while the children were devouring its contents with their eyes.

Uncle George's ear had not deceived him, for the voice was familiar, and belonged to one who had been very dear to him.

It was Robert Arnold, with Belle hanging affectionately on his arm, and they were conversing, as the reader has heard in the preceding chapter, as they passed "Uncle George."

The old gentleman, drawing his muffler closer about his face, posted himself near to the window, as if he, too, was admiring its contents, and while his eyes were seemingly drinking in pleasure from the sight, his ears were devouring every word which fell from his discarded nephew and his wife.

It was not, perhaps, perfectly polite in Uncle George thus to play the eaves-dropper, but, as in this case, the adage that "listeners seldom hear anything

good of themselves" was reversed, perhaps his offence was at least pardonable.

Two or three times he was on the point of disclosing himself, but he restrained his desire, and remained an unnoticed, but most attentive hearer of every word they had spoken.

When they moved away, calling the children to hurry on, or they would not have time to see one half of the sights if they stopped so long at each window, Uncle George followed them with longing, loving looks, and as they were lost to his sight amid the masses which thronged the street, he pulled down his muffler, and drawing forth his handkerchief, gave two or three blasts which might have been mistaken for the trumpet of Santa Claus.

The keen air, or something else, must have affected his eyes, for they were very moist, and he had to wipe them several times, before he could trust himself to move on.

His mind was made up on the instant. A few steps below, he saw an empty cab standing, and finding it disengaged, he ordered the driver to draw up in front of the shop near which he had but now been standing, and entering, he purchased nearly everything he could remember having heard the children admire, for he had watched them whilst listening to the words which fell from the lips of Robert and Belle.

Nor did he stop there.

But, reader, there is no use in trying to tell what he did. His heart was actually overflowing with happiness, and it was Uncle George who had strewn the bed and chairs in Robert Arnold's humble home, with the parcels which had excited so much surprise and wondering curiosity, and he returned to his lonely couch that night a happier man than he had been for many months.

"Merry Christmas! Uncle George," shouted through the keyhole of his sleeping apartment on the following morning, aroused him from pleasant dreams, and as he shouted back to the little voices which saluted him, he sprang from his bed, and opening his door admitted them.

A renewed merry Christmas, and a hearty, loving kiss from each saluted him as they entered, and he succeeded in driving them away only by promising to be dressed and in the parlour in five minutes if they would give him a chance—and he kept his word.

Santa Claus had been there too, and the old gentleman was almost as happy in being a witness to the pleasure of those to whom he was so warmly attached, as they were themselves, and he was compelled again

and again to praise and admire the liberality of dear old Santa Claus.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson, aroused by the noise which the happy trio were making in the parlour, hastened downstairs, and the greetings of the day were cordially interchanged.

The morning meal was almost untasted by the children, so eager were they to re-examine, and again admire the tokens of Santa Claus's good will for them.

"Benson, do you have any one at dinner to-day?" he inquired, pushing away from the table.

"Oh yes. Scott and his family, of course," said Mrs. Benson, answering for her husband, for she knew that nothing would give her dear old friend more pleasure than the presence of that family.

"You have not asked any one else?"

"No, I had no intention of doing so."

"You can find room for one or two more?"

"Certainly, Mr. Arnold, for a dozen of your friends," said Mrs. Benson.

"Then may I bring one or two without intruding on your pleasure or comfort?"

"What a question to ask, Mr. Arnold," said Mrs. Benson, half reproachfully. "May you bring a friend to your own house!"

"We won't quarrel about the ownership of the house, but of course I would not take such a liberty on such a day without at least consulting you. I may bring two or three friends. At what hour do we dine to-day?"

"We shall dine at four, so as to let the children have all the evening to themselves."

"I shall be home by four—and look here, Benson, have something nice for the little folks at night. I love to see them happy, and I feel particularly happy myself to day. Mind, plenty of nice things for little folks. I am going to church with you, and shan't be home again until I come to dinner. But if I am not home in time, you must not wait for me."

"Why, surely, Mr. Arnold, you won't stay away from home on such a day?" said Mrs. Benson, earnestly.

"Not from such a home if I can help it, I promise you. It will be some extraordinary attraction to keep me away to-day," he replied, with a warmth quite equal to her earnestness; and rising, he followed the children into the parlour, where a pleasant hour was passed in watching their happy countenance, as they spread out their treasures before him.

After the services at the church, Mr. Arnold

parted from the family, promising faithfully to be at home in time for dinner, whether he brought his friends or not.

It was a merry, happy Christmas with Robert Arnold and his family. The children were fairly bewildered with the variety and beauty of the presents which Santa Claus had brought to them, and their longing desire to see and thank him for his goodness was scarcely greater than was that of Robert and Belle to see and thank the unknown friend who had contributed so much to their pleasure and happiness on this happy day.

They also went to church, for their hearts were too full of gratitude for the happiness bestowed upon them, and to which they felt they had forfeited any claims by their past follies, to omit testifying it publicly on a day when the whole Christian world was speaking with tongues of thanks and praise, for the greatest and brightest bestowed on sinful man by a merciful Father.

And their thanks came from honest, sincere hearts—hearts which having been in the furnace had come out truer, purer, and more refined by the terrible ordeal to which they had been submitted.

Cheerfully and gaily they walked homeward, the children leading the way, chattering and filled with anticipations of the pleasure they were to enjoy with their presents, while the hearts of Robert and Belle swelled with emotions of true happiness, as they mutually contrasted their position and feelings on the Christmas last past, with those of the present day.

"Now, then, Robert, you can play with the children, while I go to dinner," and entering her little bedroom, she soon re-appeared, dressed of her holiday dress, and attired for work, with her long cheeks upon covering all, and the sleeves of her frock tucked up above the elbow.

Robert thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, as with a bright, cheerful smile, she turned from him to commence those household duties which she performed so cheerfully, and as he thought in such perfection.

She was soon deeply engaged in the mysterious preparations of their Christmas dinner, and Robert, finding that the children were so much engrossed with their toys as not to require any special watching, told Belle he would take a stroll in the park, unless he could be of service to her.

"No, I want no hen Betsey about me—go along, and enjoy yourself. Remember we dine at three, and we don't wait for any of our boarders if they are not at home in proper season."

Robert laughingly took up his hat, and was soon mingled up with the masses who were moving to and fro with smiling, happy faces, exchanging kindly greetings humbly as they passed their friends or acquaintances.

Unconsciously he strolled along, and before he knew it, found himself in front of his late house, but on the opposite side of the street, and leaning against the railing, his thoughts wandered back to the scenes which had transpired there, and the changes which had been wrought in his own circumstances and position.

He had no sign of regret for any of the pleasures or luxuries he had ever enjoyed, while he was its possessor, but he did sigh when he reflected upon the folly and extravagance which had driven him thence; and a bitter sorrow filled his heart, as he remembered how he had fallen beneath the temptations of pride and fashion, and the escape he had made from well-merited infamy and degradation.

The remembrance of his uncle's kindness was now more precious than ever, and he inwardly renewed the vows often before made, that if life and health were spared to him he would prove the sincerity of his repentance and the earnestness of his gratitude to his kind, generous relative and benefactor.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You have been gone a long time, Robert," said his wife, as with flushed cheeks she approached to greet him on his return, for she had been standing over the fire, and the heat had brought a bright colour to her face. "You look sad. What is the matter? Has anything happened to you?"

"No, dear, only I happened to stroll down by our old house, and as I stood opposite, watching it, I could not help going over the past in my mind. Thank Heaven, I am a wiser and I hope, a better man, now."

"Thank Heaven, you are, Robert; and I too thank Heaven, that I am a wiser, if not a better woman. I wonder who that can be at this time of day. Oh, I suppose our neighbours downstairs have their

friends to dinner. Everybody has friends, you know, on such a day. Susan was to have come here with her family, but it seems that Benson was ahead of me, and engaged them first."

This was said as Belle's ear caught the sound of the door bell, which had rung while she was speaking, and the sound of heavy footsteps slowly ascending the stairs, convinced her that she had been wrong in her supposition, and that the visitor must be for them, and not for their downstairs neighbours.

A gentle knock at the door was answered by Robert, who started forward and opened it, while Belle, forgetting her working dress, and her tucked up sleeves, stood with eager eyes watching and wondering who on earth had called on such a day.

The door was opened, and as Robert caught sight of the person standing there, he started back.

His cheek grew first ashy pale, then he crimsoned to the very temples, and stepping into the apartment, Uncle George stood before him.

The old gentleman was evidently in a high state of excitement, for he had no words to utter one word of greeting, but stood there for an instant with hands outstretched, and mouth open, while Robert and Belle gazed upon him with feelings of wonder and amazement.

For an instant they maintained this position, when Robert, stepping forward, seized both of his uncle's hands, and looking him full in the face, exclaimed:

"Uncle George!"

"Yes, Uncle George," and the old man, the tears now raining down his furrowed cheeks, and Robert knew that his person was seen.

Tilting himself upon his chair's back, he gave way to tears which he could not suppress, and for a few moments the long parted friends were clasped in each other's arms.

As for Belle, she was too much astonished to say—or do—scarcely to think anything, but at the words, "Yes, Uncle George," she comprehended the whole, and sinking into a chair near which she had been standing, she joined her husband and his uncle in tears of joy and happiness.

"There, Robert," said his uncle, gently pushing him from him, and gazing upon him as well as he could through the tears which filled his eyes, "that will do. It's all over now—don't say another word. Come here, little woman, and kiss me," he said to Belle, and raising, she wiped her eyes, and approached him.

"You are a good woman, and a faithful little wife, and I love you," said Uncle George, clasping her to his heart, and kissing her forehead. "Now let me say a few words, and don't either of you, as you love me, ever after this, utter one word which can recall the past."

"Robert—Belle," he continued, taking a hand of either as he spoke, "I heard every word you uttered last night while you were talking of me, and that is why I am here. There—now—not one word. Robert, I have nothing to forgive, and you nothing to remember. Belle, I repeat you are a good woman and a faithful wife, and I love you, and there let it end. What a neat little place you have got," said Uncle George, suddenly changing the subject, and looking round with evident satisfaction.

"Why, Belle, dear, are you cook?"

"Yes, I do general housework," she said smiling through her tears, and hastily pulling down her tucked up sleeves.

"And a good one, I know you are, to work. Well, little folks," he continued, turning to the children, who had listened silent and amazed while these occurrences were transpiring, "I hope Santa Claus sent you something nice!"

He looked at his own purchases which were strowed over the floor.

"And was it you, Uncle George?" said Robert, turning to him, and pointing to the treasures scattered over the room. "Where you the generous?"

"Yes, I was Santa Claus for this occasion. But really you are very comfortable here, Robert," said his uncle.

"Yes, indeed we are, and I owe all this to Belle. She did it all—she hired the house—she furnished it by selling her jewellery, and she has made it a little paradise. But, Uncle George, you will dine with us, now you are here?"

"I don't know about that," replied Uncle George, looking about the room with an expression of pleasure. "I had intended that you and Belle and the children should go with me."

"Oh, no, dear Mr. Arnold!" said Belle, entreatingly, "do stay with us this once. It will make us all so very, very happy."

"Yes, uncle, add to other favours by granting this one. No one could give you a more hearty welcome," urged Robert.

"Well, have your own way. I did promise partly that I should be home at dinner, but they can get

along without me, and we can all go around in the evening. "So, Belle, go and attend to your cooking!"

He glanced at her flushed face and hands, red with work and the heat of the fire.

"I ordered a carriage to be here at half past three, to take you with me, but I can send it away until five o'clock; that will be time enough to go around. There, go along. I want to have a few words with Robert. Go along and play, children, I want to talk to your father. Sit down, Robert," and as Belle left the room to attend to the culinary department, uncle and nephew seated themselves on the sofa, and Robert, at his uncle's request, gave him a detailed history of his transactions while he was in business, and when he frankly mentioned the enormous sums he had paid to Mr. Gripe, in order to sustain his falling credit, and to enable him to keep up his extravagant mode of living, Uncle George opened his eyes very wide, and rubbed his nose vehemently, but said nothing.

At last he told of his trials and struggles since his failure.

He spoke in terms of the warmest love and eulogy of Belle and her devotion, of the efforts she had put forth to keep up his spirits, and to encourage him to persevere, when to hope seemed but folly.

"And she has been working at embroidery, besides attending to the house and children?" asked Uncle George, looking in the direction of the kitchen, as if wishing that Belle would come out, so that he might look again upon one with whose good qualities he had so recently become acquainted.

"Yes, she sews regularly from twenty to twenty-five shillings a week, and if it had not been for her, I should have starved. I had work to give anything. One hundred a year was all I got at first, and it was nearly hard for me, but when I found I must live on it, I said, and I think I may safely say, I never was happier in my life. And, Uncle George," added Robert, proudly, "I have learned lessons which can never be forgotten. I have learned to save money."

"You can save," said his uncle, smiling, "then there is some hope of your man can earn money, but give me the man who knows how to save."

"Yes, and I have mine to show for it. Why, Uncle George, I never was prouder or happier in my life than when I could count my first twenty-five pounds. It seemed a small fortune to me, and I remember that my first thought, as I counted it over, was, how happy I should be if I could only save enough to pay."

"There, that will do, Robert, that is forbidden ground," interrupted his uncle. "Here comes Belle. Go, help her out with the table," he said, as Belle entered from the kitchen with her apron again rolled up, and her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

Uncle George watched her as she flitted about the table setting the plates, and keeping up the while a running fire of pleasant remarks to her husband and his uncle.

Dinner was soon ready and served, and, perhaps, it would have been difficult to find in all England a happier family than the one seated at that humble table.

Uncle George found everything delightful. He praised the turkey and the cook, and as for the dessert, he had never before seen anything like it.

Really he would speak to Mrs. Benson, and send if he could not get her to engage Belle's services in the kitchen.

Merrily, cheerfully, and happily the meal passed. No word was spoken of the past—no allusion even made to it, and the hearts of Robert and his wife swelled with gratitude as they looked at the dear, kind old man who had wrought so much happiness.

Two hours flew by, and as the clock struck five, the carriage drove up to the door.

"Now, Belle, hurry and get the little folks ready. Benson will be woefully disappointed at my absence from dinner, and I must make it up by getting back as early as possible. Come, cook, hurry!"

And as Belle passed him on her way to her own room, he drew her towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon either cheek, with an earnestness which caused the tears to start from her eyes, but they were tears of happiness, and as he followed her with his eyes until the door closed upon her, involuntarily he raised his handkerchief to his own eyes—perhaps from sympathy with her.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. AND MRS. BENSON, with Scott and his wife, were seated around the glowing fire in the parlour of Mr. Benson's house.

They had passed the hours since their return from



church in social conversation, interrupted very frequently by nervous expressions of their wonder at the absence of "Uncle George."

"I declare it is too bad!" said Mrs. Benson, with an air of vexation. "He has no right to be absent on such a day."

"Really, Mary," said her husband, laughing, "I think you are as bad as Nelly. She won't allow him to go out without telling her where he is going, what he is going to do, and when he is coming back."

"I do wonder," said Susan, "where he will dine. It is four now, and he won't be home, I am sure."

"He's along some good, I'll engage," said Mrs. Benson, with an air of self-reliance, rising and ringing the bell, and when the servant came, directing her to serve the dinner at once, as it was past the time, and Mr. Arnold evidently would not be home. He did not come, as the reader is aware, and the Christmas meal was eaten without his presence, much to the sorrow of Nelly, whose place was by his side, and who took a great deal of time which ought to have been devoted to eating, in entering complaints of Uncle George, and uttering threats of what she would do when he returned.

The meal finished, the sliding doors leading to the dining-room were drawn, and the families retired to the parlour, to resume their wonder where Mr. Arnold could be gone.

The children were deeply engaged in the back parlour with their toys and playthings, the gifts of good Santa Claus, when the sound of carriage wheels stopping in front of the house, caused a cessation of conversation on the part of the elders, while the children dropped their playthings and ran to the windows, eager to greet Uncle George, for they felt that it must be himself.

"There he is!" exclaimed the delighted Nelly, who had eyes for no one else, and she fairly flew to the door in her anxiety to greet her friend and play-fellow.

As soon as the children had announced that Uncle George had arrived, the whole family felt at liberty to go to the windows to look at his welcome face, and first of all was Susan Scott.

At the moment she reached the window, Uncle George was in the act of handing Belle from the carriage, and at the first glimpse of her, Susan could not conceal her delight, and with a slight scream which might have been variously interpreted, she sprang to the parlour door, and in a moment was in the hall awaiting the opening of the front door.

Belle's eyes first lighted on her, and dropping the arm of Uncle George, the sisters were clasped in a warm embrace, before her companion could well divine what had become of his charge.

"Dear Belle," and "dear Susan," were rapidly interchanged, mingled with kisses and tears; and with an arm around each other's waist they entered the parlour, closely followed by Uncle George, whose handkerchief was in constant requisition, he had such a cold in his head.

Robert and the children brought up the rear, and as they entered the parlour and the door was closed, Uncle George, turning to the family, who had arisen at the entrance of Belle and Susan, and who knew what to make of the scene, said simply:

"My nephews!" The whole was at once comprehended, and Mr. Benson advancing, extended his hand, and grasped that of Robert Arnold warmly, saying only:

"I am very glad to see you."

As for the females, their ready perception caught the whole on the instant, and before Belle knew where she was, she found herself in the back parlour, with Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Benson, whose endearing epithets could scarcely bring her to a realisation of her position.

Mrs. Benson untied her hat, Susan unpinned her shawl, and the latter, as she drew the garment from her shoulders, turned and imprinted a warm kiss of love upon her forehead.

Belle gazed silently and amazedly at them for an instant, then sinking upon a sofa she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a burst of tears which could no longer be suppressed. Her heart was actually overflowing with happiness, and the only outlet was through her eyes.

"Come, baby," said Susan, wiping her own eyes, and seizing her by one arm, while Mrs. Benson took the other, "wipe your eyes and behave yourself before company," and thus they led her into the front parlour. In the front room a scene not very different was being enacted.

As soon as Mr. Benson and Scott had exchanged greetings with Robert Arnold, he went to a sofa, and seating himself, looked about as if unable to realise the circumstances which surrounded him. There stood Uncle George with his hand behind him, gazing affectionately upon him.

On either hand were comparative strangers, but

the warmth of their welcome had led him to think they would not long be so.

His wife was in the other room with Mrs. Benson and Susan, and his children had already found friends. He knew not what to make of it, but he was very happy, though he could not tell exactly why, and as he looked from his uncle to his friends, and turned from one to the other, as if asking a solution to the enigma which was puzzling him, his eyes began to moisten, and what he might have done or said it would be difficult to conjecture, had he not been aroused by his uncle, who advanced towards him, blowing his nose with unusual violence, and said:

"Come, young man; you are making an old bluff of me. I'll thank you to remember that you are in company now. Benson, shake him up, and see if you can't teach him to behave himself. Ah, Belle," he said, turning to his niece who was advancing, supported on either hand by Mrs. Benson and Susan, "see how Robert behaves! Can't you teach him better manners?"

Belle could only shake her head, and look appealingly at Uncle George. She had no voice for words, but Uncle George had, and in tones which showed the terrible struggle within, he said, "this is all confounded nonsense."

"Mrs. Benson—Susan—this is my nephew—my niece, Belle," said Uncle George, pointing to each as he spoke, quite forgetful that he had already performed the very unnecessary ceremony of an introduction, and as the ladies addressed swept to the very floor with the profundity of the courtesy with which they acknowledged the introduction, their husbands laughed outright.

"I should like to know what you are laughing at?" said Uncle George, quite innocently.

"Mrs. Scott," said Mrs. Benson, with assumed dignity, "permit me to present to you Uncle George's niece, Mrs. Arnold," and she led Belle towards Susan; but with one impulse they sprang forward, and in a moment were clasped in each other's arms.

"There, now you know each other," said Uncle George, "How about dinner? I suppose, of course, you waited for me?"

"Of course we did not, sir," replied Mrs. Benson, very demurely. "If members of my family cannot come home in reasonable hours, they must take what they can get."

"Well, I must do without, I suppose. But, Mary, I have found a cook for you. You know you have found a great many faults lately with Jane," and he looked mischievously at Belle, whose colour was rising. "I will put Belle against any one in this house."

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Benson, laughing, "I am afraid you would be in the kitchen all the time if I had a cook of your choosing, and everything might be spoiled. I shall keep Jane yet awhile. So, Belle, you must look out for another place."

"Never mind them, Belle," he said, soothingly. "They don't know much. Come here and sit down by me."

And seating himself on the sofa by the side of Robert, he drew Belle towards him, and encircling her with one arm, extended the other hand to his nephew, who pressed it with affectionate warmth.

"You are not so handsome as Susan," said the happy old man, gazing affectionately in the face of his niece, now fairly glowing with happiness, and turning thence to Susan, who stood looking at them with eyes glistening with pleasure.

"I am not half so good, Mr. Arnold," she said, "and you know 'handsome is who handsome does.'"

"Susan Scott, what is my name?" he said to Susan.

"Uncle George," she replied, catching at his purpose.

"Mary Benson, what is my name?"

"Uncle George, when you behave yourself," she replied, with a laugh.

"Belle, I'll thank you to remember that. You may mistake this fellow as much as you choose," and he shook Robert's hand, "but I'm Uncle George, and I don't like to be called out of my name. You understand?" And Uncle George drew her to him with a force which under ordinary circumstances might have endangered her ribs, but which did not hurt her at all now, and he wound up by a tremendous kiss, which might have been heard in the next house.

"Uncle George! Uncle George!" screamed Nelly, "come here, quick! I've got something to show you."

"Nelly, I am ashamed of you. Bring it here yourself. How dare you ask Uncle George to come to you?"

But neither Nelly nor Uncle George heeded the reproach, and in another moment he too was on the floor, listening to their expressions of admiration and delight as they exhibited their treasures to him. While he was engaged with the little folks, the

parents were engaged in animated, friendly conversation, and it would be hard to find a happier group than was gathered in that parlour.

Mrs. Benson had not forgotten the "nice things" for the evening, and thanks to Uncle George, the children had abundant reasons to remember the occasion, for whenever their parents' backs were turned, they examined them with sweets, it required full three days for them to recover from the consequences of his well-meant, but injurious indulgence.

The evening was passed, as the reader may imagine, happily, and when the carriage was announced which was to convey Robert and his family to their home, Uncle George seemed so loth to part with them, that Mrs. Benson, out of pure compassion for him, as she declared, sent it away with directions to return in the morning and insisted on retaining them for the night, and Uncle George thanked her with a look which spoke more eloquently than words.

THE END.

## A MORNING DREAM.

A TERRIBLE storm had been raging all night, and no lull came with the new day. Ever and again the wind moaned dolefully, as a spirit in distress; and anon, as if maddened by the echo of its plaint, absolutely belloved out its rage, making our first house tremble, and its inmates huddle with fear at their impending danger. The waves tossed and dashed about in frantic succession, foaming, booming, and moaning, in an insane roar that seemed our death knell.

Yet still the savage king of terrors stood aloof, shading us with his sceptre of destruction, but not striking the blow.

"Mercy! Have mercy, Oh Heaven! Close up the floodgates of thy mighty ire, and let us live!" we pleaded.

But our prayer was hurled back at us by the tempest. No light broke through the lowering blackness of the midday sky, and, weary with our struggle for life, we gave ourselves up to fate, and sat down to await it, come in whatever guise it would, how ever terrible.

Another gust of wind rent the roof from our little cottage, and it fell with a shivering crash upon the rock that pointed downward toward the sea bed; and then followed a stifling stupor, as the contrast of the howling elements could shake it. Again, with still greater violence, the storm broke forth; then, amid the din of nature's fury, the tramp of hundreds of feet and strong voices greeted our ears, and helping hands were held out to us, while rough fishermen, in the kindest of tones, bade us follow them.

We fought our way against the stern over the wet sands, slipped upon the long grass the pelting rain had beaten down, and led by our guides, reached the quay where their skiffs lay moored. One by one, our deliverers handed us in turn into the boats, each getting in to man his own.

"Can you not trust me?" asked the hearty fisherman to whose care I had fallen, as I shrank back, appalled at the thought of crossing the turbulent sea that boomed, moaned and dashed only a few rods from us. "Can you not trust me?" he repeated, holding out his hand to assist me down the slippery declivity of rock that intervened between me and safety.

As I put my hand in his, and felt his strong, masterly grasp, I knew that I might trust him, and said so frankly.

He handed me into the boat, placed me where the driving rain would reach me least, and, setting the sail to the wind, applied himself to steering with all his energy.

The storm raged on. Our little boat struggled bravely against wind and tide, now carried up on the heaving billows, and with equal suddenness plunged in a valley between huge mountains of foaming waves.

Weary from my long walk in the wind, and from the tension under which I had held my nerves, I murmured against destiny and wondered at my unanswered prayer! Unconsciously I spoke my complaint aloud; it reached my companion's ear; he bent upon me a look full of sympathy, yet not unmixed with reproof, as he asked:

"For what did you pray?" Then, without waiting any reply, he continued, "You prayed for life, doubtless, for you and yours. He can save you, and well save you, if you cooperate with him and keep your heart aright in faith and trust. Is He not even at this moment giving answer to your prayer? Do you not feel Him everywhere, though you do not see Him? He works by means. I am, so, heaven-sent, to you to help you. Will you not recognise me as His messenger?"

A light of indescribable brightness broke through the dense clouds, falling on the face of my deliverer, and I saw in him no longer the muscular fisherman who had come to save me. No—his whole identity was lost in the full, free conviction that he was indeed the instrument in His hand.

In confidence of the Lord's care I let my head fall upon the side of the boat, and, with the trustfulness of a child in its parent, slept.

The rosy light of an early summer morning kissed my eyelids open, and the song of birds greeted my waking senses, as I awoke to find myself in my own luxurious apartments, with my head reclining upon my own peaceful pillow, and found that He had taught me patience and faith in a morning dream.

R. I. W.

### STOLEN FRUIT.

A LITTLE room at the top of a house, with "half" windows that opened a few inches only, and let very little of the wretched air of the crowded street, into as poor a room as ever poor woman tried to keep clean.

It had not the immaculate spotlessness of the traditional home of poverty of the Sunday-school books, but that I believe to be a fable; and do what its owner could, the smell of the cabbage, which the good German housewife downstairs was cooking, and the smell of the pipe, which the Irishman on the next floor was comforting his soul with, would mingle with the perfume of the drains, which the owner thought would do very well, if the Board of Health never noticed them, and make the room anything but fresh and sweet and pure, whenever the door was opened.

However, the poor creature had swept and dusted, and scrubbed up the place before daylight, and she had made soup and gruel, and had left her sick little girl in the care of a brother two years older—he was only twelve—and had gone to her long day's duties at the factory.

To neglect them would be to have neither room nor gruel next week, for she must be mother and father both to her children, now that her sailor-husband had gone down at sea with the wreck of the good ship "Esmeralda."

All day long she worked her body in the factory, and her heart in the little room where now in the baking heat of the red-hot noon-tide the little girl lay tossing and turning on her pillow, and the little boy sat beside her repressing his boyish longings to be off into the streets, for love of his sick sister.

"I think," he said, stating his firm conviction, for he had never had enough to eat in all his life; "I think, sis, if you could eat the rest of the gruel you'd feel better," and he pressed it upon her, holding the bowl in one hand and the spoon in the other. "Do now try to eat it, Kitty."

"No, no!" said the girl. "No, I hate it. I want something nice and cool. I wish I had lemonade. If I had lemonade, I think I should get well right away. Oh, I wish I had lemonade!"

"Mother will get you some when she comes home," said the boy.

"She can't," said the girl. "She won't have any money until Saturday night. Oh, dear; I wish I was rich, I'd have a great pitcher of lemonade, and drink and drink and drink. But it's no use wishing, Tom;" and she turned her flushed little face upon the pillow, and burst out with:

"And such lots of lemons in the grocery downstairs."

And at this juncture poor, little, feverish Kitty began to cry.

In imagination she saw the long basket piled to the brim with the yellow fruit which nature taught her would do her so much good, and the tears came at the thought that while there were so many she could not have one.

The sight of those tears was more than Tom could bear.

A thought came into his mind that had never been there before.

"Don't cry, Kitty," he said. "I'll be back in a moment," and ran out of the room, downstairs, and out at the side-door of the house.

He meant to ask the grocer to trust him a lemon, and then to earn the pennies to pay for it somehow. But there at the side-door stood Mr. O'Brien with an exasperated countenance, holding a slate covered with figures with his left hand, and emphasising his remarks with his forefinger.

"That's the way we grocers ruin ourselves," said he, "trusting every one that comes along. No, Mrs. Conner, I can't. It's cash with me hereafter. No more trust. Didn't you see the card with the poetry on it I've hung over the counter? 'No Trust,' is on it, as your own eyes can see. It's not you particular, but it's everybody that I say 'No Trust' to."

After that, what could Tom do?

He couldn't beg for one; besides, he knew he shouldn't get it.

But there he stood beside the lemon basket, so that he could smell the delightful odour of the fruit, so that, by putting out his hand, he could touch it, and no one was looking, or he thought so, and the vision of his little sister tossing on her pillow, was before his eyes, and the temptation of opportunity fell upon him at the same time, and—

Well, the next minute each of his hands held two big lemons.

As well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, and he was about to plunge them into his pockets, when—

"Catch him! Catch him, the thafe of the world!" cried the grocer's wife from behind the counter, and out flew the grocer and away flew Tom.

The lemons bobbed up and down in his pockets, and his heart bobbed up and down in his breast, and he ran very fast, but after him came those who could run longer.

The grocer, a lithe, long-limbed, active man—and a policeman—two of them.

Very soon all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the riverside street; and the cry of stop thief was taken from the grocer's mouth by the crowd, so that soon he had no need to bellow it himself, but save his lungs for running.

Let no one blame the grocer; he knew nothing about the sick child upstairs.

All he saw was a well-patched, able-bodied boy making off with so much profit in the shape of four lemons.

His dealings were with poor people, and there was nothing in this rascal of "his basket and his store" to touch his heart particularly.

If you were a grocer—perhaps you are—you'd know how aggravated he was, and what just cause he thought he had for following that flying figure with purposes of vengeance. And the boy was a thief.

The chase lasted a little while, considering all things; but it ended at last.

Tom tripped over a kerb-stone and came to the ground.

He was lifted by his collar, and from his pockets were taken the great yellow lemons.

"The finest in the lot, the young devil!" cried the grocer.

And now there was nothing to do but to choke down his sobs as he was led to the station-house. He had no idea of excusing himself by mentioning his sick sister.

be, without a word.

He was a son of Adam, but he was not so mean as his forefather.

Had he eaten the apple he never would have mentioned Eve—never.

Little he knew who brought up the rear of that long procession that had turned out to see him caught.

Kitty, lying in bed, had heard the noise of the pursuit, and had risen to her knees and thrust her head from the narrow opening of the window just at the moment when Tom started on his hopeless race.

She knew in a moment what had happened. She knew that Tom had stolen some lemons for her.

She remembered seeing them; her words:

"And such a lot of lemons in the shop downstairs."

Why had she uttered them?

And now what could she do but follow them and tell the truth, and ask them to punish her, not Tom?

She had not been able to stand on her little feet for many days, but now the brief strength of fever was upon her, and she found herself making her way, barefooted, and in her little nightgown, down the stairs and into the street.

She did not know the laws of her country sufficiently to be sure that he was not.

The station-house—a well patronised institution in that neighbourhood—was very near.

Into its doors, between its great gas-lamps, marched the officers and their prisoner, and the grocer, and all the ragamuffins, who were at once driven back.

They crushed and crowded away before the flourish of clubs, and Kitty was pressed against the wall.

She was almost too small to be seen, and six sailors, part of the crew of the "Peter Potter," who had been called upon to give evidence in the case of a comrade who had been beaten to jelly by the mate during the voyage, and were slowly filing out, never noticed her; but the seventh, a tall, robust man of forty paused and stooped down and said:

"Well, little lass, what is the matter?"

"Oh, everything," said Kitty. "Oh, please, please, don't hurt him; hurt me. I said there were lots of lemons in the shop, and he took them for me, because I was sick. Please do it to me, whatever gets done with thieves. Please, he's my brother."

"It's the boy who was just taken in yonder, you mean?" asked the sailor.

"Yes, brother Tom," said Kitty; "and they won't let me in, and I feel so queer."

And the sailor bending over her, lifted her in his arms.

"You are too sick to be in the street, lassie," he said, and strode into the building again, and there in the great room before the fattest and whitest-headed old gentleman she had ever seen, stood Tom and the grocer.

"Sure, and your honour sees 'em," said the grocer, holding out the lemons. "Four great beauties, and I saw him take them with my own two eyes."

Kitty's head was swimming, and she was as cold as she had been hot now, but high and shrill her baby-voice arose:

"It was for me he took them. I cried, I was so hot. I said there were lemons in the shop. Please, please, do it to me, whatever it is."

Tom turned, saw his little sister, and for the first time broke down and cried; but through his tears he managed to sob:

"She don't know. She's not much but a baby. I guess the fever has got into her head. She's got nothin' to do with it."

"Now, if I might speak, your honour," cried the sailor.

"But you can't," said the Justice of the Peace.

"Who are you? This child's guardian?"

"I just happened to be going by," began the sailor.

"Then keep your finger out of the pie," said his honour.

"I'll pay Mr. Grocer for his box of lemons, if he'll let the lad off," persisted the sailor.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the justice. "Do you make a charge against this boy, Mr. Grocer?"

But at that moment a little trembling figure ran into the room.

The mother of the children, who had come home earlier than usual from the factory, work being slack, and had heard the awful news of her boy's arrest, and had missed her sick girl.

"It's mother!" cried Kitty. "It's mother!"

And it seemed to her that all must be right now. But Tom crouched low for shame.

He knew he was a thief; and what had his mother told him about keeping the laws of man and God, and being honest if ever so poor. How he must shame her!

The grocer looked at her also in compunction.

"The mother's a decent woman," said he, "and pays for what she gets. A decent, respectable woman."

But then and there, before the very eyes of the whole court, the decent, respectable woman gave a wild, glad cry, and flung her arms about the sailor, who, in his turn, pressed her to his heart.

Tom, first amazed, next turned furious, and doubled both his small fists.

But Kitty, with her baby-woman's instinctive comprehension, saw at a glance that it would have taken hours to have explained to Tom, and cried:

"I guess its father come back from sea."

She guessed right. It was the old story of desert island and years of anxious waiting, and the sailor had made search for his wife and children since his return.

And thus queerly had they all been brought together again.

In consideration of all these circumstances, the grocer refused to make any charge against Tom, and he was set free.

M. K. D.



## SCIENCE.

## THE MOON'S ATMOSPHERE.

THE moon has no atmosphere, the text books tell us: or if any, it is comparable in density only to the receiver of an air pump. Bessel estimated the greatest surface density possible in a lunar atmosphere, consistent with lunar phenomena, to be the thousandth part of that of the earth's atmosphere; and most writers on astronomy have accepted his conclusions as final.

But it has been found that the calculations which led Bessel to this result were vitiated by serious errors and omissions. He failed in the first instance to take account of the difference of the force of gravity on the moon and on the earth. Allowance being made for that, it appears that the surface density of the moon's atmosphere may be three times what Bessel made it. He also overlooked the influence of temperature. Making the necessary correction for this element, his equation shows that, so far from being limited to a density a thousand times less than that of the earth's atmosphere, the moon's atmosphere may be five times as dense, or one two-hundredth that of our air. In view of the diminutive mass of the moon and the feeble action of gravity upon its surface, such an atmosphere would be relatively quite as important, quite as effective in its influence on the surface, as the earth's atmosphere is.

Taking the earth as unity, the diameter of the moon is less than two sevenths; its surface area, one thirteenth; its volume, one forty-ninth; its mass, a little more than one eightieth; its mean density about three fifths; and the force of gravity on its surface rather less than one sixth.

Spread over a surface relatively so much greater than the earth's, and acted on so slightly by gravity, the moon's atmospheric envelope—assuming it to have been proportionately as simple as the earth's at first, and the conditions to have remained similar—would necessarily occupy a very much greater comparative volume than the earth's atmosphere, while its surface density would be not more than one fiftieth part as great.

But this maximum density possible under Bessel's estimates must greatly exceed the density actually possible at the present time, since the absorption of the moon's atmosphere by the moon's surface must have gone on much more rapidly than the corresponding absorption by the earth, the surface exposed being relatively six times greater.

Think what enormous volumes of carbonic acid gas, oxygen, hydrogen, and so on, have been withdrawn from the earth's atmosphere, to enter into solid combination in the coals, limestones, granites, and minerals of every sort; and try to realise what the condition of atmosphere would have been had it been subjected to the absorbing action of a similar surface six times more extensive. Such, relatively, have been the conditions prevailing in the moon. If correspondingly reduced, its atmospheric envelope is not likely now to have surface density more than one three hundredth part of that of the earth's atmosphere.

The question, therefore, is whether astronomers have been able to detect positive evidence of a lunar atmosphere, not like the earth's, which we have no reason to expect, but of such a density as may reasonably be considered possible there.

In his recent able and authoritative treatise on the moon, Neison remarks that all astronomers who have devoted much time and attention to the detailed examination of the lunar surface have recognised more or less direct indications of a rare lunar atmosphere, besides the more indirect evidence afforded by the known conditions of the moon's surface and the phenomena presented by it. Again, with reference to Bessel's estimate of its density, he says: "But this opinion was coincided in by none of those astronomers to whom is due our knowledge of the condition of the moon, and they recognised that the lunar atmosphere seemed to possess a greater density than the theoretical considerations would appear to permit."

We have seen that those theoretical considerations rightly interpreted, are in accordance with the existence of a lunar atmosphere, very far from being insignificant; and it remains simply to examine the evidence borne by observable phenomena.

The only methods sufficiently delicate to detect unmistakably a lunar atmosphere, having a surface density less than one hundredth that of the earth's, are those based on the refraction of a ray of light traversing it; and of these the most trustworthy is that based on the observed times of lunar occultations, that is, the cutting off the light of a star by the moon coming between us and it. If the moon had no atmosphere, the disappearance of the star should coincide exactly with the calculated time.

With an atmosphere of appreciable density, the disappearance of the star must be delayed by refraction. The difference between the observed and the calculated time of an occultation would, therefore, furnish a measure of the density of the lunar atmosphere, provided the calculated time were minutely exact.

Unfortunately this requires the moon's diameter to be exactly known, but that is still doubtful within very small limits, owing to the disturbing effect of irradiation. As the result of some hundreds of recent observations with powerful instruments, however, occultations appear to be retarded from five to ten seconds more than can be accounted for by the effects of irradiation. Consequently the existence of a lunar atmosphere sufficiently dense to produce the difference found is not only possible, but very probable, considering the consistent nature of the results obtained by observations and the apparent inadequacy of other causes to explain them. The maximum surface density of the moon's atmosphere, according to these conditions, is about one two-hundredth of that of the earth; but this result must be considered as merely probable, the exact density being unobtainable with the observations at present existing, owing, as already noticed, to the uncertainty as to the moon's exact diameter.

Among the appearances which are regarded by students of the moon's phenomena as proofs positive of a lunar atmosphere of considerable density, we may mention the twilight at the cusps of the moon, the dimness and obscurity observed at times in certain localities while surrounding objects stand out sharp and clear, the blue, transient fringe to crater walls at sunrise, the local and quickly disappearing gray border to the black shadow of some of the deep crater formations, the misty appearances within deep craters at sunrise, and the blotting out of surface details by mists which vanish as the sun rises.

After reviewing at length the evidence of these and other lunar phenomena, Neison decides that the existence of an atmosphere to the moon must be regarded as certain; the only uncertainty that remains is with respect to its density, which he is persuaded must in all probability lie between three and four hundredths of that of the earth's atmosphere. It "is, therefore, capable of exerting almost as powerful an effect upon the surface as the earth's, and, proportionately to the mass of the moon, is not much inferior in amount."

## A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

MR. J. SIMMONS, C.E., made some experimental trials of a new description of flying machine at Chatham Lines recently. The machine is intended for use by an army in the field, so as to enable a person to be raised by means of the wind to whatever elevation required to reconnoitre the movements of a hostile force, and to ascertain the whereabouts of an enemy's position.

Mr. Simmons displays for this purpose a number of parakites, which are in reality huge square-shaped kites, the material of which they are composed being French cambric covered with a coating of birdlime and indiarubber. Each parakite is balanced by a long tail composed of goosequills. The first parakite raised was a few feet square, and on the required height being obtained it was fastened to another of the same description, somewhat larger; a third and fourth were subsequently raised and a height of about 1,200 ft. attained by the smallest of the parakites, the lifting power being such that with about a dozen men holding on to the ropes a drummer-boy was raised from the ground by the pulling force of the parakites.

At this moment, and just as the fifth parakite was about to be raised, one of the rods used for stretching the machine gave way, rendering it useless. The largest of the five parakites, which is 25 ft. square, was then raised, when it was found to have a lifting power sufficient to raise a man. Almost immediately afterwards the rope gave way from the immense strain of the four parakites, and the whole came to the ground.

## OCEANIC BIRDS.

THE sub-family of web-footed oceanic birds known to zoologists as the procellariine contains several genera, the best known of which are procellaria or petrel proper, and thalassidroma or stormy petrel. The birds commonly called by sailors Mother Carey's chickens, are readily distinguished from the common petrel by the shorter and slender bill. The species are about twelve in number, and inhabit the oceans of both hemispheres, skimming lightly over the waves or running along the tops: they are dark in colour, but more or less marked with white.

The Mother Carey's chicken (*thalassidroma pelagica*) is about six inches long in the body, with wings opening to a width of over thirteen inches; the bill and feet are black; the body is grayish, black above, tinged with brown. The presence of these birds is supposed by mariners to forebode stormy weather, and they are never molested by sailors, as their warnings are usually accepted in perfect faith; they are found all across the Atlantic, especially in the temperate zone, and are common on the banks of Newfoundland. They breed on rocky shores and islands, in the North Atlantic.

On the Shetland Isles, Scotland, they begin to lay toward the end of June, depositing a single egg in a nest made of plants and earth, which they carefully conceal, sometimes placing it three or four feet under a heap of stones. The naturalist Brunnich states that these birds become so fat that the inhabitants of the Faroe islands attach wicks to them and burn them as lamps.

A WOULD-BE school teacher in Toledo recently replied to a question by one of the teachers: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach them round or flat just as the parents please."

HELL Gate Rock was blown up just before three o'clock on Sunday last, thus bringing to a close the seven years' work of opening a navigable passage for ocean steamers from Long Island Sound into New York Harbour. 50,000 pounds of dynamite were used in undermining the rock, and the material was exploded by electricity.

## REUBEN;

OR,

## ONLY A GIPSY.

## CHAPTER LXI.

PARLIAMENT was sitting, and the House was crowded.

An important measure, perhaps the most important of the session, was under consideration.

To-night was the crucial night, and the populace, unusually interested, was waiting outside the gates to see the speakers come out.

Quiet and orderly, yet with that buzz which proclaims an excitement too strong and intense for idle words.

It was a popular Bill, and the crowd wanted it passed.

Inside the famous debaters were at it tooth and nail.

The air was hot with eloquence. The few spectators who are admitted within sent out word how things were progressing to the crowd outside, and at such times, a deep groan of disapproval, or a low cheer of encouragement, proclaimed the purport of the measure.

A slight drizzling rain helped to keep the mob at the doors quiet, but inside the magnificent building, the lights, the gilding, the cheers and counter-cheers, increased, and fed the excitement.

The hour was late, the debate was on, when presently a messenger came out.

"Things are going against us—the Bill will be thrown out, and the people of England will lose! There is only one chance, and that is Normanby!"

At the mention of the name by the hot, perspiring messenger, a little, grey-bearded man, whose attitude and bearing proclaimed his race, pushed gently towards him.

"Sir," said the old man, who leant on a cross-handled stick, "when did you say, sir, Mr.—Mr. Normanby would speak?"

"Now—now he is just on his legs!"

And the man hurried into the house again.

Yes, by the sudden roar of cheers and groans, you could tell that Normanby, the Dingley Member, was on his feet, and by the intense silence which followed, that the man was a power in the place.

Let us look at him.

He stands in a graceful attitude of complete self-possession, dressed with the most scrupulous care, his white shapely hands, on one of which a gem of immense value sparkles and glowers, resting on the bench before him.

With a look of calm consciousness of strength, he glances at the opposition benches and the eyes that met his seemed to shrink and quail.

Then as a dozen reporters catch their pens to take his every word, he commences his speech: at first





secret means of egress, he drew his revolver from his belt, laid it under his pillow, and retired to bed—but not to sleep.

Like a mariner floating on the Atlantic without compass or chart, he was tortured by the uncertainty of his plans, and the indefinite character of his future.

Through the maze of thought wheeled and flshed continually that sentence of Olive's.

"You are lord and master of the Grange. You are not Reuben the Gipsy, but Ernest Verner, of Deane Hollow!"

And it was true; had he not held the proofs, undeniable, in his hand?

Yes, within his being thrilled the consciousness and assurance of his higher birth.

And yet, alas! for those blessings which come too late!

Of what avail were his wealth, his rank to him if Olive were to be another's, and that other!—his cowardly, criminal, base-hearted cousin—Morgan Verner! Perish the thought! It was unendurable, and in a frenzy poor Reuben dashed from his bed-side.

With the morning came a clearer view of things. The situation was still full of perplexity and enigma, but of two things he felt certain.

He was determined to forego his right if they should deprive Olive of the Grange lands and gold; and he was furthermore determined that he would not leave Olive until the hour of her marriage with Morgan.

Until that fatal hour, he would, in secret, watch on, and, if possible, protect her.

As he dressed in the dawn, he thought of Olive's broken words of self-reproach, and he murmured that she had misjudged him.

Those words puzzled him and set his thinking, and he had not traced them in any meaning when he descended to the little parlour in which he took his frugal meals.

Breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, and eggs, and bread and fruit butter, set out on a cloth, lying in whiteness with a sheet of note paper, was ready for him at seven o'clock, and he sat down to it.

As he passed the looking-glass, he noticed, what the small dingy glass in his own room had failed to reveal to him, that there was a dark bruise on his forehead, and that his lip was out.

Early as it was the inn had visitors, for two or three farm labourers were standing and sitting in the bar, drinking a modest half-pint to moisten their hunked bread.

From where Reuben sat in the parlour adjoining, he could see through the half-open door the group before the bar.

Two of their faces he remembered, and it was with a mingled sensation of regret and pleasure that he listened to the familiar tones.

Suddenly his own name striking upon his ear, made him start.

The speaker was the old labourer who had descanted on affairs at Dingley in the late some evenings previous—an old man whom Reuben had always some regard for.

He was speaking now with an earnest melancholy which was well calculated to affect the listener.

"No," he said, with a gruff sigh, "things haven't been as they used when Master Reuben were bailiff; he was young, but he was uncommon knowin' and steady."

"Steady do 'ee call him?" broke in another voice, with a laugh; "I don't call the mighty queer things he took to, steady!"

"I calls him steady," said the old man, obstinately, "because he was alius steady when I seed him. No man ever saw him w' too much to drink, and if he did go wrong it was owin' to not drinking enow! Aye, good for a young fellow—keeps him from thinkin' an' dreamin'! Master Reuben was alius a thinkin' and dreamin'—just as the young master is—and, therefore," summed up the old fellow, "he went wrong!"

Reuben's curiosity was by this time intense.

He pushed his cup from him, and leant his head upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon the group of men, who were quite unconscious of a listener.

"Aye, I don't wish to speak ill o' the dead, but for certain Master Reuben did go wild; and if any body 'nd a told me as he'd done such things I couldn't a' believed it!"

Reuben pricked up his ears.

What crimes had he committed in all unconsciousness?

"Humph!" growled old Giles. "Wait till ye be tempted t'erself, lad. A pretty girl as is mad in love with ye is a dangerous thing, and if ever a lass lost her head on a lad, it were poor Polly!"

"Aye," said the other, with a shake of the head, "I do hear say as she was found dead beside him in that sea-place—what d'ye call it—Portsmouth. Do you mind the night he ran away w' her—when they was seen talkin' together at the cross roads?"

"Aye, aye," said the old man, sipping his ale and nodding mournfully.

And d'ye mind the morning after, when the old squire broke open the lodge, and found Master Reuben fled. "There was the cage," as old Griley said, "but the bird was flown!"

"Don't follow old Griley's words, lad," said Giles, angrily. "I do hate him; he was allus dead against poor Master Reuben!"

"And he was the first to put the old squire on to the money matter. Tu', tu', I remembers how black Sir Ed'dard looked when he found that Reuben had run away with Polly and the money too!"

Up sprang Reuben, white and passionate.

Was he dreaming, or mad?

He ran away with Polly and some mysterious money!

What did it mean?

He had the prudence and presence of mind to remain quiet, although the impulse to rush out and face the speaker, was strong upon him.

He drew back into the shadow of the room, and listened intently for further revelation of his delinquencies.

"Ah, well," said Giles, setting his pewter pot upon the counter with an emphatic crash, "let Master Reuben be three what you like; Dingley hasn't been the same since he left. What w' the farmer walks about day and night, daft and dazed, and the old squire so restless and daft; and the young mistress so quiet and daft, we be all daft together. I seed in the paper as how Mr. Normandy did make a grand speech, and the tax is to be taken off the poor man's shoulders; and I seed as Master Normandy were comin' down to the Grange for the wedding! Five times there 'll be, lad. Well, well, we maun be going to the farm."

Good morning, maids! and Giles led the way out.

Reuben resumed his seat, and turned over what he had heard in his mind.

According to honest Giles, the world credited him, Reuben, with the crime of betraying poor Polly, and of committing some kind of robbery.

Remembering the silence and Olive had believed him guilty.

He remembered now that he had on the night of his flight met and talked with Polly, and that one of the men from Dingley had passed at the time.

Here was evidence sufficient for rural minds, and no doubt he had been found guilty.

The knowledge which had come into his possession that morning strengthened his resolution of remaining near Dingley until Olive's marriage. He owed it to himself that his honour should be cleared, and justified, if it could be so cleared, without dragging Olive's name before the vulgar.

Summoning the hostess, he, with some difficulty, made her understand that she was to inform all possible inquirers that he had left the place; he managed also to enter the house by a back way, and thus projecting his incognito, and making his movements, he stole out and made for the woods.

It was with emotion too deep for words that, concealed by the thick bushes, he looked upon the bent form of Welta.

The old dwarf was seated by the fire, engaged in cooking, and evidently in a cheerful humour, for he crooned a gipsy chant, in a tune, to the turning of the spit.

"Better to leave him in ignorance for awhile longer!" mused Reuben, as he watched him with tearful eyes. "A sudden shock might be perilous, and would spoil all my plans. Poor Welta, what a trouble his worthless ramshaw has caused him! Ah, Welta, I am near you; I will not leave you again, until you are beyond the reach of poverty and the world's cruelty!"

With unmixed satisfaction, and a thrill at the heart, he noticed the small basket of dainties which stood by the fire.

Instinctively he knew that they had come from Olive's hand, and he blessed her for it.

Meanwhile Olive was plunged into perplexity and doubt as to her course of proceeding.

She still possessed the proofs of Reuben's birth-right and identity—could she use them?

After weighing the question all night, she resolved for the present to watch and wait, without declaring her information.

After her marriage with Morgan she might safely open her mind and declare Reuben the rightful owner of the Grange, without fear of the consequences to her honour.

That marriage, now more hateful than words can describe it, hovered before her like a dark horror.

How deeply she had got entangled!

How impossible it seemed for mortals to secure happiness here below, although, like Reuben, they did no wrong and strove to do right.

When she thought of him—and when did she not?—her love and admiration for him increased and troubled her.

She felt that she must see him once again, if only

for once more, and renew her entreaties that he would assert his rights.

Accordingly, after breakfast—during which she had sat constrained and silent—she called for Topsy.

"I want you to go with me through the woods, Topsy," she said.

"To Welta's?" whispered the faithful Topsy, who would have gone through fire and water for her dear mistress.

"No," said Olive, with a slight flush.

Topsy without another word ran for their hats and cloaks.

Olive maintained a dreamy silence until they reached the "Thistle," then said:

"Topsy, we seem to live in an atmosphere of mystery! You must not speak of this morning's walk. I—I am going to ask for a gentleman!"

"Yes, miss," said Topsy, as if it were the most natural and proper thing in the world for a young lady to pay mysterious visits to gentlemen at country houses.

"Yes, miss; and shall I stay here?"

"No," said Olive, "you shall ask, and—and—no—"

she corrected herself, bethinking that Reuben had, no doubt, sufficient reasons for concealment. "I will go, I think, after all; you stay here, and if I call, come to me."

Faithful Topsy took up her position behind a tree which stood within sight of the inn, and Olive litted across the road.

Flushed and uneasy, she asked the old lady:

"Is the gentleman whom I saw last night within, dame?"

"No, miss," said the old woman. "He be gone—left this morning!"

As she spoke she fingered the sovereign with which Reuben had bribed her.

"Gone!" echoed Olive, aghast, and with so evident a disappointment, that the old woman pitied her.

"Yes, miss, he be gone—to London, I think. Leastways, he's left here!"

Without a word more, Olive turned and rejoined Topsy.

"Well, miss?" said Topsy, who saw by Olive's face that she had met with some disappointment.

"The gentleman I wanted to see was not there, Topsy, so we must go back!"

"Can't we wait, miss?" said Topsy.

"He has gone for good," said Olive. "No, we will go back."

She sighed heavily.

She had not counted upon Reuben's taking flight so soon.

Perhaps she should not see him for years!

The tears came into her eyes, though she fought hard to keep them back.

Topsy looked at her, wistfully.

"Ah, miss, if you'd only confide in me," she said.

"It breaks my heart to see you look so sad and miserable. I'm sure we've never been happy since—since—Mr. Reuben—"

"Hush!" said Olive, the name only increasing the heartache.

"Well, miss, he's dead and gone, and there's no harm in thinking; and I think, miss, somehow, that if he was alive he could put all things to rights! Don't I remember how he used to make everything easy and pleasant, when he was alive?"

Olive silenced her by laying her hand on the faithful Topsy's arm, but Topsy, like the parrot, when she did not speak, thought all the more, and the burden of her thoughts was, that nothing had gone right since Reuben's departure, and that Master Morgan was not the husband for Miss Olive.

It did not need a ghost to tell that Morgan was no favourite of Topsy's.

Topsy hated him, and would have gone some distance to do him a gentle injury.

Next to seeing Reuben alive and well, the thing that would have gladdened Topsy's heart the most would have been the breaking off of the match between her dear young mistress and Morgan Verner.

Though extremely curious, Topsy asked no questions respecting the strange gentleman at the "Thistle," but she hovered about her mistress, and waited upon her with a quiet attention, and the affection which she bore for "dear Miss Olive!"

The day wore on, and the two loving hearts lived in accord.

In the woods or the out-skirts, Reuben lingered, saddened, uncertain, and love-sick.

In her room or about the grounds, Olive gave herself up to her sad reflection and regrets.

Meanwhile, coming towards the pair, was their bete noir—Morgan Verner.

When last we saw him, it was at a gambling-club—half mad with drink and the spectre of the woman he had betrayed to death.



[OVERHEARD.]

The hard drinking bout had made still further marks upon the weak, vicious face, and the doctors had told him that the best thing he could do was to run into the country and take a spell of quiet.

Lying stretched out, weak, parched with the thirst which is the drunkard's daily and nightly blight, and full of a vicious spite and malice against himself and all the world, Morgan lay counting the hours.

His servant announced a visitor, and Mr. Normanby entered.

Morgan half rose, then sank back with an oath.

"Oh, it's you, Nor, is it? Come to see me on my back, I suppose. Sit down."

Normanby glanced at his watch.

"Thanks, I've just five minutes. I'm sorry to see you so bad, Morgan; but you'll acknowledge that I am a true prophet. I warned you against the brandy! Man, you look like a corpse!"

"Thank you," snarled Morgan. "That's pleasant. You always were polite."

"I'm truthful, my dear Morgan," said Mr. Normanby. "I am always your friend, any way."

"Then lend me some money," snarled Morgan.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Morgan; "how much do you want?"

Morgan looked up at him with incredulous astonishment.

"More than you've got," he said with a rude laugh. "But a hundred or two will do for me at present."

"You talk as if I were a Csesus," said Normanby, with a smile.

"And if you're not, you soon will be," said Morgan, with a sneer. "You're a great man now, Nor, thanks to me. Ah, I've been an idiot, and you're the clever man. You're a Member of Parliament, and a swell that the papers talk about. I've just read a part of your speech. Denoed clever, I've no doubt. For my part I don't understand it. But you'll lend me the money, you say?"

"Yes, on condition—"

"Ah, I thought there was a condition! Well, out with it—what is it?"

"That you go back to the Grange, and stop there until the marriage—there are but six weeks now, you know; six weeks are a short time, and you are not exactly in a fit state for matrimony. Look at yourself, my friend!" and he swung the mirror before him.

Morgan glanced at it, and swore.

"Brandy! brandy!" murmured Normanby, sweetly.

"No!" swore Morgan, "it's not the drink. I don't drink anything to speak of, it's the horrid dreams I get, Normanby!" and his voice sank to a whisper. "I swear to you I haven't slept an hour these last four nights without seeing her face—bound round as they bind dead people's, you know, at my bedside. And I hear her voice—I do by Heaven! Ah! you smile—but I tell you that it's driving me mad!"

"It's not pleasant to be haunted by a dead woman, I'll admit," said Normanby. "I prescribe a change. Get down to the Grange, and prepare for pleasant things. Six weeks, my dear Morgan, six weeks only."

"And the money?" said Morgan, peevishly.

"Well, you shall have what I can spare."

"On my note of hand?" asked Morgan, cunningly.

"Yes, on your note of hand," said Normanby; "though I'm afraid it's a but poor security. By the way, Morgan, my dear boy, how much money would it take to clear all your debts?"

"How much!" repeated Morgan, evasively. "Oh, more than you will ever have—thousands, Nor, thousands! But it don't matter—this beastly marriage will set it all straight."

"Hem!" mused Mr. Normanby, eyeing Morgan with an amused smile that was full of scrutiny. "You seem fearfully and wonderfully ignorant of business, my dear Morgan! Are you aware that it is usual, in the case of such a match, that which I have arranged for you, that the moneys on the lady's side are settled upon her?"

Morgan shot a glance of suspicion at his mentor. "Yes, yes, I know!" he retorted, irritably. "So you think that the lawyers won't leave me much available cash, eh, Nor?"

"Not a cool hundred, my dear fellow!" replied Normanby, eyeing his tool, while he fitted on a glove with delicate precision. "Not a cool hundred, why should they? They think you've enough! All Miss Seymour's own money will be tied upon herself, and the Hall is entailed, as you know."

"So that I shall always be up a tree, eh?" said Morgan, with an evil smile.

"Exactly; unless your own wits should help you down."

"Explain yourself," said Morgan, fidgeting on his sofa, and biting his nails. "You always speak in riddles; for Heaven's sake remember that you're not spouting in Parliament! What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, scarcely anything," replied Normanby. "I thought, perhaps, you could borrow a lump sum of

money, that would pay your debts, and leave you something over.

"Ah, but I've borrowed all I can long ago," snarled Morgan. "The Jews won't lend me any more. I've no security. That wretch, Ben Asa, swears that he'll sell me up, even now, as it is! Money-lending Jew!"

"Did he?" said Normanby, turning away to hide the gleam that lit up his eyes. "Well, he'll do it, no doubt, if you don't pay him. I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance, and can't say whether he is merciful or not. Of course he wants to be paid sometime or other."

"And so he shall," said Morgan.

"When?" said Normanby, taking up his stick.

"When I like!" snarled Morgan. "But Nor, you've something on your mind. I know you! What plan do you see of raising a large lump, eh, speak out?"

"The only way that occurs to me," replied Mr. Normanby, "is by cutting off the entail."

"What!" exclaimed Morgan, with bated breath.

"Cut off the entail—pshaw! What would the governor say? I couldn't do it without him—"

"Or he without you," retorted Mr. Normanby, watching the effect of the shot.

"As long as the entail stands, the Grange can't go out of the family," muttered Morgan, cunningly.

"And so long as you can't raise money, so long will your friend, Ben — what's his name—worry and trouble you. Well, good-bye. Oh, the cheque—here, pen and ink—and to-night you start for the Grange!"

"To-morrow," said Morgan, and he took the cheque with a surly, thank you. "And, I say, Nor, now about this entail?"

But Mr. Normanby had gone as far as he intended.

If he said more, the cunning Morgan might grow suspicious that his friend had some interested motive for the suggestion.

No, he had said enough for the present. He had planted the seed.

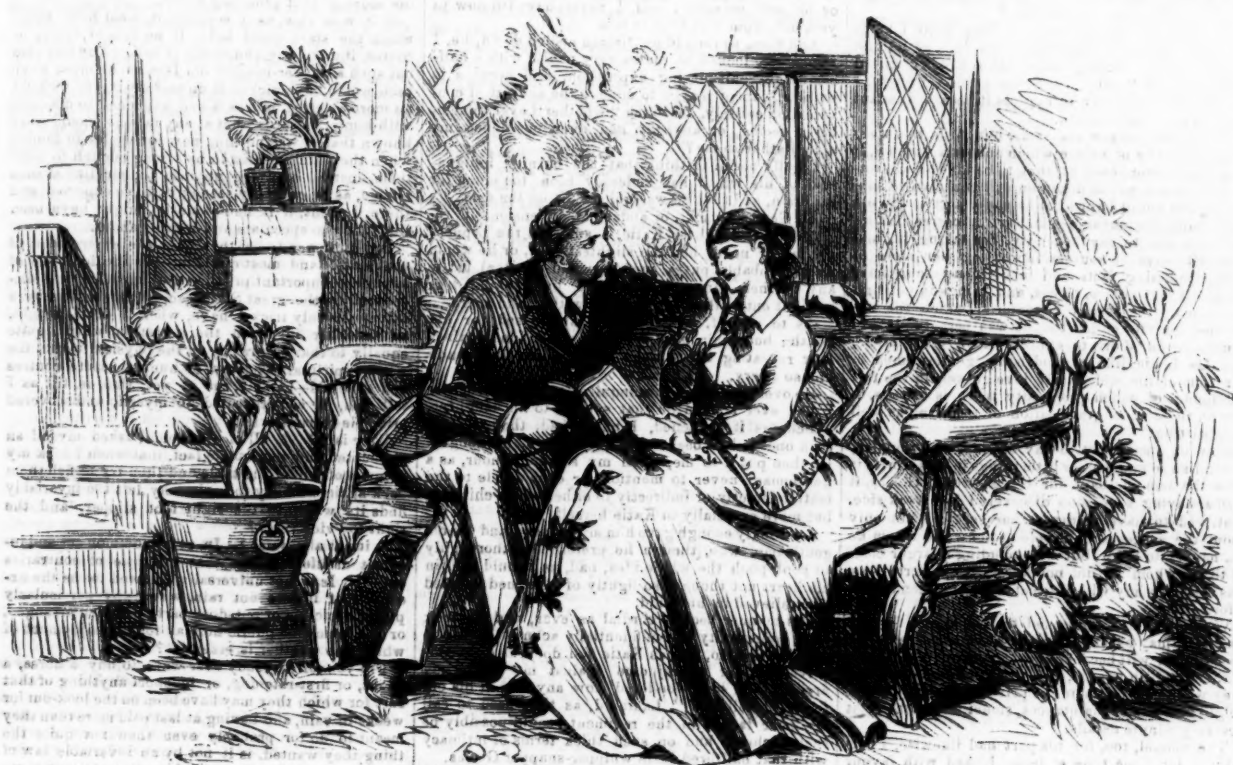
"Can't stay any longer, my dear Morgan. I'm a busy man. By the way, do not be surprised if I should run down to the Grange while you are there—ta, ta!"

Waving his daintily-gloved hand, the great Mr. Normanby left the room, these words murmuring in his ears as he descended the stairs:

"The Grange will be yours yet!"

(To be continued.)





[THE GERMAN LESSON.]

## HIS EVIL GENIUS.

### CHAPTER VII.

ONLY think of the creature introducing and insinuating himself into the family circle of my relatives, who were, at that time, the very centre of the pleasantest small society of the English in Dresden, on the strength of his love and long-standing intimacy with myself, of all people in the world.

And what, if possible, provoked me even more specially was, that never having, as I have told you, seen or known me personally, my belongings had rather begun to draw an imaginary portrait of myself, their unsuspecting kinsman, judging of what my opinions, general views, and disposition would be likely to be, from those of my supposed most intimate friend.

But when enlightened as to the plain truth, and they came fairly to speak out their real feelings, I soon began to perceive that, although he certainly had, in spite of themselves, almost established an intimacy with them, yet the more they had come to know, the less they had grown to like him.

Indeed, in the course of a subsequent confidential conversation with Katie, she confessed to me that she had not looked forward with much pleasure to my arrival, because, to say the truth, she had thought I should be like my best friend, Mr. Gorles; and to him, for certain reasons, which I did not fully learn till some time later, she had from the very first, taken a most mortal aversion.

Indeed, but she made me promise not to tell my uncle or aunt, she went on so far as to own that she was absolutely afraid of him, and though she had always constrained herself to appear civil and friendly towards him, yet in her heart she quite dreaded the very sight of him.

And at last, by Jove, she one day let out, not without much hesitation and beating about the bush, that her little brother Ferdie, a speckled-faced, most impudent young jackanapes of about eleven—you have seen him, by the way, our young sporting companion in the railway-carriage—had teased and tormented her to let him have a lock of her hair, to put into a locket which his mother had bought for him, which same lock she had discovered he had sold to Gorles for half-a-crown.

The poor girl had been afraid, she declared that she could not tell exactly why; but that a sort of

terror of some invisible danger restrained her from telling her parents, as of course she ought to have done immediately, and so the opportunity had passed by.

But ever since he had thus obtained that hair, she could not help fancying that he held a special power over her, and she shrank from and dreaded him accordingly.

He had had the impudence to show her a large jewelled locket, in which he had invested, slung to his watch chain, containing hair, which, though he kept clear of telling her in so many words, was some of her own, he had declared to be dearer to him than his life, and how he should always value and dote upon it, and how it would always give him an unbounded influence over the mind, and thoughts, and even actions of the person to whom it had originally belonged.

"And then," she went on to say, "he stared up so hard, right into my eyes, as he was always doing," she innocently added; "and then he shook hands with me. He would hold mine so tightly in his nasty, little hot grasp for ever so long, and always contrive to take a place close to me, even following me about the room, if I tried to move away from him."

"And over poor Ferdie, too, of whom he, for some time after making our acquaintance, took immense notice, he seemed somehow to have gained the same strange sort of power. You can have no notion how altered and changed that boy has become from what he was—moping about and miserable, he seems at times as if he had something quite dreadful on his conscience; it really makes me glad when, as if by fits, he recovers his own character for mischief and impudent tricks, and though I was, of course, dreadfully angry with him for his wickedness, in making over that piece of my hair, which he had obtained so sily, yet I cannot help believing his solemn assertion, that though he could give no reason, yet that he was obliged and bound to do what Mr. Gorles ordered, and that he really could not help himself. In short," she continued, "the very thoughts of him terrify me, and I perfectly hate him, and had quite made up my mind to hate you too, you dearest old Frank"—at least (correcting herself), perhaps she may not have said quite that exactly, you know—not that there would have been any harm if she had, though, for, although we were not actually first cousins, we had from the first agreed to consider each other in that relationship, which soon placed us on the same footing as though we really had been so in fact.

It was not, you must understand, all at once that

I received these and similar confidences from dear little Katie, but bit by bit at different times.

Allowed as I was to spend as much of my time as I liked in my uncle's house, she and I soon became as intimate and friendly towards one another as cousins should be.

We had agreed to read a portion of Schiller or Goethe together every morning, and there was a strict rule that Katie should talk to me in nothing but German, which rule was observed for perhaps an average of five minutes per diem. There was also, I remember, a very tough exercise of Ollendorff's, which alone took an average of a couple of hours every morning for at least a week in correcting; so anxious and earnest was my pretty instructor in thoroughly grounding me in the language.

When I first heard from her of that interesting episode of the lock, not raped exactly like Pope's, but sneakily obtained under false pretences, I was naturally enough for starting off that instant for Vienna, or wherever I could catch the little wretch, to take the precious locket from his hateful possession, and wring his villainous little neck for him into the bargain.

But poor Katie begged and prayed, and cried so touchingly, that I would take no steps of the sort, evidently under a feeling of more than common excitement and fears of unknown and supernatural powers of ill, which she fully believed that Gorles held over her, and would certainly exercise in the event of such an attack upon him as I proposed; and though I tried my best to combat these ideas in her, remembering, as I did, my old school-boy feelings and terrors, I could not but be conscious of sympathizing in them, more than I at all allowed my fair confidante to suspect.

I felt it was the right thing, and most strongly urged her to confide in, and seek counsel from her parents, to tell them fairly all that she had thus told me.

But nothing I had to say or urge could induce her to do so, for besides the sort of fearful spell to which she confessed herself subject, she also argued, not perhaps without reason, that they would only laugh at or scold her as absurd, and call her romantic or fantastical; and, though she had almost from the very first felt an unaccountable antipathy for Gorles, that with her father and step-mother he was really rather a favourite than not.

In that opinion my own observations afterwards rather led me to think that Katie was mistaken, though, no doubt, he had, cunning as he was, for a

time at least, contrived to what you may call, "got round to their side of them both."

My aunt, you see, for whom I then, until I knew her better, cherished a great respect, had, as I think I have before hinted, more than usually gifted powers of the "gab," I beg her pardon, I ought, I suppose more dutifully to express it as a redundant volubility of conversation.

Well, it all means the same, but with the well-established law of nature which abhors a vacuum, it is not to be wondered at, that to be able as she was to talk sixteen to the dozen on any conceivable subject, which might happen to be uppermost in the old girl's mind, she must needs have a corresponding aptitude, not to say necessity, for taking in, and from all sorts of sources increasing her store of ideas, combining facts and fancies, and sometimes fictitious, about people, places, and things in general, to keep up the supply of material which the unwearied activity of her tongue was perpetually exhausting. In short, to express it in plain prose, Mrs. De Lonic, like a good many gentlemen of her time of life, did dearly love gossip, in the full indulgence of which propensity there is always, of course, the double gratification of receiving as well as imparting.

Now of gossip, not to say scandal occasionally, which like so many other little things in this world, is none the less pleasant for being wrong, Gories, it seems, having very soon discovered her weak side, contrived to have plenty at her service, not only about the concerns of people in the world whom he did happen to know, but also including a larger class of those whom he did not know, but nevertheless was always ready with a great deal of second-hand information.

When folks have happened to live abroad for any time, you may perhaps yourself have observed, how greedy they will become of what they call "news" of their English friends, and what immense interest they will seem to take in the private affairs of former neighbours and acquaintances, sometimes to the most absurdly minute details.

The colonel, too, for his part had likewise, I perceived, for some time at least, looked with favour upon this supposed friend of mine, perhaps a little influenced, I suspect, by the fact of no one else happening to be in the way at that exact time, who could play so good a head at piquet in the evenings, at which, and indeed, almost all other games of cards Gories had from his youth up been always a particularly artful dodger.

And so for a certain time, as I say, he had rather encouraged and appreciated the little dinner's company, though latterly, just before he had departed, my uncle had begun to grumble, and got somewhat tired of his constant appearance, which he was beginning to find rather too much of a good thing. Although matters might not perhaps have come to an upset, unless, as it came out one day quite incidentally, the little fiend had actually gone so far, as to assert that the affection and close friendship which he always persisted in, as existing between himself and me, had originally commenced at Eton in consequence of his, Gories's—oh, ye living things, above, around, and below I fancy such barefaced audacity!—Gories having been mainly instrumental in getting me out of an ugly scrape about some money, that had been mislaid, and but for his special intervention, he thought I must certainly have been expelled.

That most audacious and unwarrantable assertion, though my uncle could of course at that time have no idea of its peculiar atrocity, had, as far as I could make out, given the finishing turn to the old gentleman's feelings in regard to him, and he had plainly given him his mind then and there: that if there was the slightest foundation for such a story, which nothing should ever make him believe of the son of his old friend and comrade, Lombard, whom he had known and loved like a brother all his life, but even if it were not a falsehood, as he felt quite certain it was, that he could only remark, that after that, the less Gories had to say on the subject of his intimate friendship with his nephew, the better it would be—if that was his way of speaking of his friends, and raking up old school stories and lies of that sort against them.

Angry enough my uncle must have been, so I could see, when, as you may suppose, on hearing this repeated, I enlightened him as to the real truth, telling him as I did the whole facts, chapter and verse, on hearing which his rage exceeded all ordinary bounds; to that degree that when I went on to tell him about the diabolical influence to which I had been subject, and, in short all I have told you, he seemed entirely to lose all discrimination in his wrath.

So stern, and quite fierce were his tones and manner, when he abruptly desired me to stop that, and never, as I valued my own happiness, to tell or

even think of repeating that story again to anybody, or on any occasion; and I never have till now to yourself, from that time to this.

And then, as the old gentleman cooled down, he, I remember, looked at me so very oddly, with a half-searching, half-pitying expression, and apropos to nothing, except maybe to change the subject of conversation entirely, asked me "whether I ever remembered seeing, or anybody had ever mentioned my grandfather to me?"

I really began to think that the burning indignation of his wrath had suddenly been too much for his brain, and that he was going daff on the spot.

Of Gories's tricks, or audacious pretensions in regard to his daughter Katie, I am sure the peevish old fellow never had the slightest idea, or he would have probably put a summary and effectual bar to any further games of that sort, by pitching him straight out of the nearest window then and there.

As to myself, he afterwards apologized for his wrath; but again most solemnly warned me against ever repeating the strange story which had made him so angry.

He over and over again inquired earnestly whether I had ever spoken on that subject to his daughter, which, as it happened, I never had, though more than once it had been on the very tip of my tongue. He then put it to me, upon my sacred honour, as a gentleman, never to mention, or even allude to the matter directly or indirectly to either of his children, but more especially to Katie herself.

I willingly enough gave him my promise, and the old gentleman, who, though he pretended authoritatively to pooh-pooh the whole idea, had, as I could see, in his heart not thought so lightly of it, seemed satisfied and relieved in his mind.

His manner became cordial as ever, and he took that opportunity of confidentially acknowledging to me that he also, just as Katie had done, had been deceived, either by a prejudice against me before my arrival, or had wondered how any one of his old friend "Bullfinch" Lombard, as they used to call my poor father in the regiment, could possibly be such a shrew, and on such thick terms of intimacy with that half-bred little whippersnapper Gories.

You were pleased, I think, my young friend, to grin somewhat sarcastically (to give no stronger term to that breach of manners on your part) upon my just now mentioning to you my earnest conviction—that, if it were not for the length of my limbs, and the strength of my muscular development, and of, perhaps, a rather more assiduous cultivation of the gradus ad parvasum, or whatever the English equivalent to that most useful word may be, could have been managed in the days of my youth, Nature had originally three-quarters of a mind to make a post of me.

What will you say then, if overlooking your disrespectful incredulity on that score, I now inform you confidentially that although I never set up to be, as, of course, I knew I never was, much of a scholar; yet that if I, or rather my pastors and masters, whose duty it was to have discovered the natural bias of my mind, and to have trained it accordingly when young and docile, had only luckily hit upon the right cue, and initiated me early to take delight in the abstruser studies of psychology, and the general philosophies of human nature; who knows, but I might have attained rank among some of the greatest theoretical, if not practical, philosophers of these philosophic times.

What are you at it again? It is no use pretending to drink, for there is nothing left in your tumbler, and I can hear the edge of the glass jingling against your teeth. Well, laugh and snigger if you must, but don't choke yourself, that's not worth while.

But, if never destined to be a poet, I sometimes feel that the other chances of becoming illustrious be not altogether out of the question.

Though by no means habitually, yet occasionally, I indulge in profound reflections on profound subjects; and sitting down, late one night to my writing-table, determined, before I retired, to rest, to embody and arrange in some tangible form some ideas of things in general which had in the course of the day been floating in my mind. Suddenly—more, I own, by chance or instinct than by any progressive train of thought—I in a moment hit upon and found myself to be the accidental discoverer of one of those great secrets of nature's laws which, with proper elucidation by any one who was used to that sort of thing, would, I feel convinced, prove of the greatest value to science, and will hereafter be as generally acknowledged and become reduced to a recognised system, just as the discovery of the centre of gravity was by Newton himself.

Now, while mentioning that most eminent name, I cannot refrain from remarking between ourselves that, whatever he may have deserved on all other points, I never can help thinking that he gained a

great deal more 'kudos' than he had any right to on the score of that tumbling apple.

If it was ripe, as I suppose it must have been, when the stalk could hold it no longer, why, of course, it gave way and down it fell. Any one else but such a dunder-headed old Don as he must have been would have picked it up and ate it, and thought no more about it, unless it had happened to disagree with him afterwards; but at any rate he should have known that it was nothing new for apples to tumble when their stalk ceases to be strong enough to hold them, instead of flying up into the air like a soap bubble, as he certainly seemed to have expected, and there, I grant, if it had done so, might have been something to speculate and wonder about.

But as it was to be, that upon the observation of that simple and most commonplace incident one of the most important principles of creation was discovered by the great Sir Isaac, so it was that by a rather slovenly trick I have, when in deep thought, as suddenly hit upon the secret on which, quite equally to that of gravity in the physical world, the whole spiritual economy of human nature centres and depends—namely, the as yet, that is, till as I tell you, it was revealed to myself, undiscovered principle of contraries.

Why is it? I, all of a moment, asked myself an undoubted and immutable fact, that when I kick my slippers off under the table and then try to fish them back again with my toes, that my left toe invariably finds its way into the right foot slipper, and the right toe vice versa?

Is it not always so? In every common act and incident of life does not that principle of contraries apply? Is it not universally allowed to be the exception, if it does not rule, when any particularly pleasant picnic or out-door party has been arranged, or any private or public holiday for the enjoyment of which the weather is essential?

Did you or anybody ever want to buy a horse, a yacht, or first-rate dog, or in short anything of that sort for which they may have been on the look-out for weeks in vain, and having at last paid more than they meant to do for probably even then not quite the thing they wanted, is it not by an invariable law of circumstances that they should, within two or three days after their unsatisfactory purchase, meet with exactly the very animal, or whatever the object in request may happen to be, at half the price?

Is that chance? Bah! Is it not always so? Quite as immutable a certainty, as that an apple will always tumble down when it cannot stay up any longer. I could furnish you with a thousand more familiar instances of the same principle from simple every-day incidents of life.

Working out, then, this great theory, with all its ramifications and consequences in my mind, I have been brought to observe one special rule, and axiom, which is, that in the course of life, as it is at present constituted, we poor mortals of any particular moment become (unhappily for ourselves, though of course at the time it seems precisely the reverse) conscious of present perfect enjoyment and contentment, either in, let us say, the attainment of any long-desired object, the opening of any new career which promises certain success, the riddance or escape from any particular antipathy or trait of life, the most delicious feeling of which the human mind is capable, which is no doubt that of reciprocal affection and attachment to some other being, or, in short, any other of the established causes of human happiness, I do not say, mind; but that the pleasure may endure for some time unrecognized, and that when it is past and gone one may, on looking back, feel satisfied at having experienced comparatively lasting periods of great enjoyment and bliss; but by the strict rule of contraries, the instant the consciousness of such satisfaction being actually present becomes quickened within us, and one's soul is, so to speak, indiscreet enough to congratulate its owner on its then enviable lot— *presto—* it is gone—I do not pretend to explain where or wherefore, I only stick to the fact that it is invariably the case.

The same instant that happiness in any human being has arrived at the point of being felt and recognised, while it is actually being enjoyed, so sure may the adverse turn be known to be close at hand.

An immediate re-action of proportionate unhappiness and disappointment is inevitable, by just as certain a law of nature as that night will succeed day, or that the tide will begin to ebb as soon as the last point of high water-mark has been reached.

Now the particular application of these undoubted scientific truths to my own story is that if I had only known, in those days, all that by my own thought and experience I have since discovered and digested, I should probably not have enjoyed those three happy days at Dresden as I did. No, no, my dear fellow, I should have known, from the very fact of being jolly as I was, that breakers were close



ahead, and so instead of entirely enjoying myself been keeping one eye "looking out for aquila." Jolly I certainly was without lasted; jolly as a sand-boy," as the saying is, though, by ill way, why a sand-boy's lot should thus proverbially typify the height of human joy, I do not know. I don't, indeed, know that I ever met a sand-boy personally; and the untimely fate of the only one I can remember to have heard of, in that imperishable romance of real-life familiar to us all—

"Who cut his throat with a little piece of glass, All for love of the Ratcatcher's daughter."

would rather seem to tell the other way. Indeed how could I but be happy as the day was long. I should have liked those days to have stood still, and remained for ever always just the same—the most fatal of all symptoms! and so, as you shall hear, I found it.

Well, then, not to pursue further those absolute subjects, which I perceive you think tiresome, being, I suppose, beyond the depth of your unphilosophical brain, let me briefly wind up the description of those happy days, passed as I have already mentioned almost entirely in the society of the bewitching little Katie, who had adopted me, as I had her, into the closest relationship of cross cousinhood.

Thoroughly established in my uncle's family as "aunt dearest," although I continued my original separate lodgings, I went in and out just as I liked, always sure of a warm welcome when I made my appearance; and what is the real secret of making oneself at home, they none of them ever pretended to put themselves out in the slightest way for me, or to make the least difference in their daily occupations or amusements in consequence either of my presence or my absence.

I began after a bit to find that I was picking up a little of the language, to a certain amount at least, and generally after passing my mornings at a foreign school, which I and some other fellows at a tutor's there had instituted, or else pulling in an outrigger on the Elbe, to the great amazement of the natives; my afternoons, or I might more properly say after-early dinners, were devoted to family excursions, down to Saxony, Switzerland, or Moritzburg, or Meissen, or some of the many outlying places which have been set down by the omniscient and despotic Murray in his "Handbook" as "things to be done."

When not so far, what jolly walks and strolls I used to have with my relatives under the avenues of the Grossen Garten, or on the Brühl'sche Terrasse, enjoying the really pretty scenery, and the bands of music, and the groups of happy folks sitting out under the trees, with their children, playing around them, as they imbibed their al fresco refreshments; all the while growing as I was every day more and more fond and attached to —, my uncle and aunt, and all of them.

Katie and I, had, as time ran on, gradually fallen into the recognized habit of getting off for these delightful walks and evening strolls together alone, without any opposition, or indeed, as far as we knew, any remark on the part of the old birds.

I believe it had at first been supposed, the correct thing to send the small brother, Ferdie, out with us by way of chaperon (or what is familiarly known by "Miss" young ladies as "daisypicker") in compliance with some not quite effaced, compassionate and notions of British propriety floating through my aunt's maternal brain.

Master Ferdie was, as I think I have already told you, a queer looking young animal, with a face covered with freckles, as if an over ripe gooseberry had been skilfully sliced at the centre of his nose, and the seeds squashed all over his expressive countenance; by no means agreeable to look at, and particularly disagreeable in his manners and customs, as his species at that period of their existence are too apt to be.

You never exactly knew where to have the creature, alternating as he at different times seemed to do, in temper and character from the most audacious vivacity and impudence, which I must say appeared to be his normal state, to occasional fits of the lowest and most morbid dismal, just as his sister had one day described to me, as if he were quite overwhelmed by the consciousness of some tremendous crime or secret.

I do not know that I should have particularly noticed, or at least given a second thought to the little eccentricities of that infant mind, beyond, perhaps, thinking it odd that one of his tender years should have so precociously fallen out with and succumbed to his own liver, as I supposed was the case, were it not, from Katie's having remarked it to me, as she had, as something new and unusual, as well as having it afterwards recalled to my mind, when, as

I still tell you, I came to hear the ribberty ribberty own account of the cause of his griefs and requested pangs.

At that time, however, whether vivacious or in the dumps, we, of course, voted him a nuisance and a bore, so I used to dish him to his own devices with a friendly application of my toe, and I may say that he, on his part, seemed quite as little to care for or appreciate the pleasure of our company, as we did him, and so it came to pass, that though, for some time, it was a sort of understood thing that we did not go beyond the public walks of the Grossen Garten, or the Terraces, as the authorities had never, in so many words said anything to the contrary, and somehow, neither of us had thought it worth while mentioning, we, on one particularly beautiful afternoon, agreed to carry out an expedition we had for some time before talked of between ourselves, of clambering up to the top of the Wolfshügel to see the sun set.

(To be continued.)

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THE RESTORATION.

It is a singular fact that, amidst the rejoicings attendant on the restoration, the first service in the Abbey connected with the royal family was at a funeral. The Duke of Gloucester, the little boy who declared to his father he would be torn to pieces rather than be made king in his brother Charles's place, died of the small-pox September 13th, 1660.

"The physicians," says a letter of the day, "never gave him anything from first to last, so well he was in appearance to every one. His body is removed to Somerset House. The court is in deep mourning, and will continue so for six weeks; after that in half-mourning, till the coronation of the king, the 6th of February next. The king is the most affected man for the loss of his brother."

Mary of Orange, mother of William III., died December 29th of the same year, having come to visit Charles on his "miraculous restoration." At her own desire she was privately buried in Henry VII.'s chapel, next to the grave of the Duke of Gloucester.

So terrible were the inroads of death amongst the Stuart family, that, in the very February following, Elizabeth of Bohemia, "who would be a queen," yet had to beg her bread, ended her fortunes and her sorrows, and slept with her relatives in the royal mausoleum. All this preceded the coronation of Charles II., which took place in the Abbey, not on the 6th of February, but on the 23rd of April, the feast of St. George, 1661.

The scene was very splendid; the regalia all new; the service chiefly performed by Bishop Sheldon, Archbishop Juxon, in "a rich ancient cope," being much indisposed, only engaged in anointing the sovereign. Bishop Morley preached the sermon in Henry VII.'s chapel, from Prov. xviii. 2: "For the transgression of a land, many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged."

Scarcely had the Abbey returned to its usual appearance after the pageant of the coronation, when it was visited by a far different procession. Upon Sunday last, about three o'clock at noon, says a letter dated May 1, 1661, "the Duke of Cambridge," (the infant son of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.) "departed this world, lamented much by his mother" (Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon). "He was buried by torchlight on Monday, accompanied by some of the household—none of quality, that I could see; very few lights—not above thirty, and those carried by the king's and duke's footmen, in their liveries, a canopy of black velvet carried over him, supported by four mourners; the duke carried under it by six more, all in deep mourning. None goeth into mourning for him, unless it be the chancellor" (Clarendon).

Illegitimate children of Charles II. preceded their father into the darksome vaults of the Abbey; as did the Duke of Abernethy and the Earl of Sandwich, who had been the instruments of the restoration. In February, 1665, he himself was there "obscurely buried at night, without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten after all his vanity."

The coronation of James II. was solemnised on the same day of the month as that of his brother, April 23, 1686. The effect of the gorgeous ceremony was heightened by the presence of a queen, Mary of Modena, the second wife of him who now became monarch. The crown significantly tottered on the royal head during the service. Henry Sidney, Keeper of the Robes, held it up, saying, "This is not the first time our family has supported the crown."

When came the coronation of William III. and Mary II., April 11, 1689? As the queen sat in the chair of state in the area before the altar, the chair then first used, and which is still preserved in the Abbey, her sister Anne observed, "Madam, I play your fatigue." "A crown, sister," replied her majesty, "is not so heavy as it seems."

Amongst the gifts presented was the Bible, after the precedent set at Oronwall's installation—"the most valuable thing," as the formulary of presentation ran and still runs, "that the world contains." Burnet preached the sermon, from the words in 2 Sam. xxiii. 3, 4: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain;" and as the preacher proceeded with the discourse the Commons audibly unwarmed their approbation.

Within five years the royal pair were parted, and Mary was buried in the Abbey with all the pomp of a purple and gold coffin, banners and escutcheons, Lords in scarlet and ermine, and Commons in black mantles.

But far more interesting is the following incident: "A robin-redbreast which had taken refuge in the Abbey, was seen constantly on her nest, and was looked upon with tender affection for its seeming love to the late queen." Tenison preached her funeral sermon, and gave a detailed account of her religious behaviour in prospect of death: "She received the tidings of danger," he said, "with a courage agreeable to the strength of her faith. Loath she was to terrify those about her; but for herself, she seemed neither to fear death, nor to covet life. It was, you may imagine, high satisfaction to hear her say a great many most Christian things, and this among them: 'I believe I shall now soon die, and I thank Heaven! I have, from my youth, learned a true doctrine, that repentance is not to be put off to a death-bed.'"

That day she called for prayers a third time, fearing she had slept a little, when they were the second time ready for she thought a duty was not performed if it was not minded. On Thursday she prepared herself for the blessed Communion; to which she had been no stranger from the fifteenth year of her age. She was much concerned that she found herself in so deplorable a condition, so she expressed it. To that she added, "Others had need pray for me, seeing I am so little able to pray for myself."

However, she stirred up her attention, and prayed to Heaven for its assistance, and Heaven heard her, far from thenceforth to the end of the office she had the perfect command of her understanding, and was intent upon the great work she was going about; and so intent, that when a second draught was offered her, she refused it, saying, "I have but a little time to live, and I would spend it in a better way."

## THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"We will return to the lonely prisoner in the far mountain-cave of the Himalayas—to Agnes Elliot, the lost wife of Lord Tregaron, the mother of his child and heiress."

"The missing lady, who had been hidden for many years in this wild retreat, and had been treated with fiendish cruelty by her enemy, was beloved by all who had formerly known her—save that enemy—to be dead."

She had been mourned by her husband in bitterest anguish. He thought of her by day and by night as of an angel in Heaven; he thought often of the lonely grave among the Indian hills where he believed her body to be mouldering; he wept for her in the lonely hours; he yearned for her lost presence; but never once did he dream that she might be living—never once did he think that her sweet eyes still looked on earthly scenes, that she wept believing him dead, and that she was in suffering and in danger.

If he had but known! He had been raised to a lofty position, had inherited unexpected wealth and honours, had become a peer of the realm, had become master of a grand estate and princely castle, while she, the young wife he had worshipped, wore a ball and chain, was a helpless prisoner, dragging out her life in bitterest solitude and imprisonment.

But a change in her life was at hand. After thirteen years of night, the morning was about to dawn for Agnes Elliot.

A morning full of storm and perils, but still morning, with some rays of brightness to compensate her for the horrible past.

The days came and went after Thomas Bathurst's visit as so many days had come and gone before them, in utter dreariness and gloom. The weeks passed, the rainy season came on, and nature veiled herself in mist.

For some time, the mother's soul brooded upon the words Bathurst had spoken, upon the possibility that her child still lived and might be restored to her, but gradually she came to deem these words a mockery, or as indicative of some deep scheme he was contriving against her peace.

"I have given him my oath to marry him when he restores my child to me!" she said to herself. "I know his artful nature, his deep duplicity, only too well. He will find a girl who may resemble my little one and endeavour to foist her upon me as my own, and then exact of me the fulfilment of my oath. But my child, my Kate, he will not find! I sometimes think she is not dead, that somewhere on the wide earth my little Kate still lives, a woman grown, an outcast, perhaps, bowed with sorrows, forlorn and poor and ignorant, but wherever she is she is mine, and some day, here or in heaven, she will be given back to me. But not by Thomas Bathurst's hands. I do not believe he will ever find her! I do not even believe that he intends to find her. He thinks he can deceive me. He might deceive any other, but me he could not deceive!"

She tried to banish his words from her mind. She applied herself to sewing and to books, and tried to forget her terrible loneliness.

Her jailers, one woman and two men, all hill-people, ignorant and cruel, rarely spoke to her.

She often pleaded that her old nurse, Rannelee, might be allowed to attend upon her, but her devoted old servant had been for many months immured in a damp cellar underneath the cottage, and Mrs. Elliot's jailers absolutely refused to allow her even to descend and see her.

Of late, Rannelee's health was reported to have given way. She was said to be crippled with rheumatism, to be nearly helpless, and Mrs. Elliot was told that her compliance with the wishes of her enemy was the price set upon Rannelee's life. But not even to serve the faithful Hindoo woman, could Mrs. Elliot perjure herself or prove false to the love she had borne the husband she believed to be dead.

One evening, the lady sat in her own room at the back of the house.

The rain was falling. The roar of a mountain torrent could be distinctly heard. A lamp was lighted and stood upon a centre-table with a few books and some needle-work. Mrs. Elliot was attired warmly in a plain tweed costume, for the air was chilly and she was not allowed a fire in her room. She had drawn a shawl about her and sat pale and shivering, listening to the rain and the sounds within the dwelling.

These sounds were fewer than usual, for the two male jailers were absent from home, having gone together upon one of their rare expeditions to a hill-village for provisions.

They had left home in the morning and were not expected to return before midnight.

The female jailer was in her own quarters. It was nearing her usual hour for visiting Rannelee in the cellar, and she was gathering together her dry bread and jug of water for the prisoner.

"If I might only go to her!" thought Mrs. Elliot. "It is nine months since I saw her, dear old Rannelee. Oh, if that woman would only let me go down with her to-night!"

She arose and moved slowly towards the door, her chain clinking, her ball rolling.

As she looked out into the hall, her jailer made her appearance, and Mrs. Elliot pleaded to be allowed to see her old servant once more.

"It is impossible!" was the answer. "You cannot see her except on the master's terms. Rannelee is very feeble. She can't sit up, and lies there moaning on her heap of straw. You'll have to make up your mind soon, if you ever wish to see her alive!"

"Have you no pity?" asked Mrs. Elliot. "You are a woman even as Rannelee is. How can you persecute her because you know her suffering wrings my heart?"

The woman laughed coarsely, but made no other response.

She passed into her kitchen, loaded herself with her bread and water, and descended to the cellar, bearing a light.

Mrs. Elliot dragged herself back to her chair and covered her face with her hands.

She had sat thus several minutes, mute in her profound despair, when a long, blood-curdling shriek ran through the house.

The lady leapt to her feet.

"Oh, Heaven!" she whispered, trembling. "She's killed Rannelee!"

She was standing thus like a statue, when a hurried tramp was heard on the stairs, a hurried tread was heard upon the hall floor, and her door was whirled open, and a woman came staggering into her presence.

That woman was Rannelee!

Haggard and gaunt, looking a human skeleton, yet with the fire in her eyes unquenched and the vigour of her body seemingly unimpaired, the old nurse tottered forward, with a wild cry on her lips, and held out her arms to her mistress.

And Mrs. Elliot, after a long, wild, incredulous stare, with an answering cry, flew to her servant's embrace.

"Rannelee!" she ejaculated. "Rannelee! It is really you!"

"It is really I, missy," cried the old woman, showering kisses on the thin, white hands of the imprisoned lady. "You are thin; you are pale; poor missy! I have thought of you continually—"

"As I have thought of you! I could have saved you, Rannelee, at the expense of my own life—"

"And I would not have accepted such safety! No, missy, you should not marry your enemy to save old Rannelee. Ah, I have looked forward to this day! I knew when the men must go again for provisions. I watched for this day. I pretended to be ill, lame, crippled, dying. I deceived that old woman. Do you hear her shrieks? She can learn what it is now to be a captive!"

Mrs. Elliot could scarcely understand what had really happened—that Rannelee had pretended illness for many weeks with a view to this very hour—and that she had upon this night crouched beside her door when she heard her jailer approach, and when the door had opened had flung her blanket over the woman's head and made her a prisoner. To secure the keys upon the woman's person and effect her escape from the cellar had not been difficult, and the old woman was now locked up below, raging like a wild beast in a trap.

But after Rannelee had told the story gleefully once or twice more, Mrs. Elliot comprehended all, and her joy and tears testified to her thanksgiving.

The servant drew her mistress back into the chair she had quitted.

"I have the jailer's keys," she said. "And among them is the key to your fetters, missy. Let me try it."

She found and fitted the key. The chain about the lady's slender waist was unlocked, and her fetters fell heavily to the floor.

She was free!

She sprang up and crossed the room, her eyes upturned in thanksgiving, her hands clasped upon her breast. Free once more! Freed from the galling chain-and-ball, freed from the horrible, clanking sound that had tortured her for years—she felt like a bird let loose from its cage.

Rannelee sat down at a little round table, upon which was spread her mistress's supper. It was delicately cooked and luxurious in quality, for Thomas Bathurst had desired above all things to preserve the beauty of the woman he so madly and so vainly loved, and he had taken good care that her larder should be supplied with every delicacy that money could command in that region.

The Hindoo woman devoured the broiled birds, the hot cakes, the potted meats, the Albert biscuits, with the appetite of one who has fasted for a long time. When she had finished, she hurried from the room, presently returning with a moderate-sized hamper, which she had hastily packed in the store-room of the establishment.

"Dress yourself warmly, missy," she exclaimed, jubilantly. "We are going out into the rain. We are going to leave this place for ever. Put on your warmest clothes?"

She hurried to the wardrobe and found a travelling bag—one of the numerous presents lavished upon the prisoner by Thomas Bathurst. Into this she thrust a change of linen, while Mrs. Elliot hurriedly attired herself for the exposure before her.

Rannelee then exchanged her own tattered gown for a new and strong one, and made up a little parcel of linen.

"There is nothing more to wait for, missy," she cried. "The thirteen years of slavery and bondage are over. We are free now—free!"

She embraced her mistress, who, weak and trembling, could scarcely move.

Mrs. Elliot was so pale that her servant feared she was about to faint.

She brought her a draught of water, and, gently supporting her, the Hindoo's bronze face wearing an expression of rapt devotion, she led her out into the hall.

The shrieks of her imprisoned jailer were heard, low and muffled, and full of terror.

"It's her turn to try it now!" said old Rannelee

grimly. "Come, missy. Bear up. Be strong. We're going out into the great world again, where no jailers and no enemy will have power to harm you. Come!"

She led the lady down the hall and out upon the veranda.

She descended the steps to the ground.

Mrs. Elliot turned up her white face to the dusky sky, and the rain fell upon it and she caught her breath in a glad sob. At last! At last!

They moved slowly down to the edge of the cliff, old Rannelee bearing all the burdens and tenderly supporting her mistress, who clung to her as if utterly dazed and bewildered.

They had gone some twenty paces from the cottage and appeared to be upon the verge of the steep precipice, when suddenly Rannelee sank down upon the ground in the shelter of a clump of bushes, dragging her mistress with her.

The next moment the sound of voices was heard and the clatter of horses' feet upon the steep mountain-path.

The two male jailers had returned!

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Parsee detective immediately set about his task of discovering the two missing girls, but with a quietness and deliberation that would not have seemed to a casual observer to promise much of triumph and success.

In the first place, he disguised himself as a wandering fakir, or mendicant friar, and produced several artificial deformities upon his limbs and supple person, such as tended still further to conceal his identity.

Then, at dawn upon the following morning, stooping and bent, with one eye hidden under a patch, he sauntered out to Garden Reach, leaning upon his staff, and begging alms from house to house.

In this way he arrived at Banyan Villa at a still early hour, and rung the garden-bell for admittance.

It will thus be seen that the astute Parsee attributed the disappearance of the two girls to Mr. Bathurst.

Kaloo had not spied upon Pantab constantly during the long, recent expedition to Khalsar without discovering that the wealthy, Calcutta merchant, Pantab's employer, had some deep interest in the Lady Katharine Elliot, and some deep design against her liberty.

The story of Pantab, on being detected in the act of abducting one of the girls at the camp on the plain, had not imposed upon him.

He knew well that Pantab had not intended to steal away the girl for the purpose of gain to himself simply, but that he had been hired to do so by Mr. Bathurst.

He had heard Elliot's story of the night's mystery, and had leaped to conclusions that were not far from the truth.

He believed the wayfaring man who had been allowed to mount the box of Mr. Bathurst's carriage beside the coachman, to be no stranger to the servants of the merchant, as they had declared, but to be Pantab himself in disguise.

The accident to the carriage and harness he believed to have been premeditated.

His visit to Banyan Villa had, therefore, been planned in the expectation of discovering there some clue to the fate and whereabouts of the missing girls.

His ring was heard, and he was admitted into the spacious grounds of the villa. His disguise, which was not now worn for the first time, had been well-chosen.

The villa servants were not of his own race and faith, being Hindoos, but his appeals for food and alms were not likely to be disregarded by them, in his disguise of Hindoo fakir.

The porter invited him to the servants' quarters. He was liberally regaled with food and drink, and a moderate alms was bestowed upon him.

In return for these bounties, he, professing to be of their religion, told a wonderful story of a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Benares, and exalted his personal piety, and elicited the wonder and admiration of his hearers.

Afterwards, having won one or two credulous souls to a deeper reverence for himself, he questioned them as to the extent of their pilgrimages, their spiritual welfare, and finally as to their temporal good.

He was told that their master was liberal, although stern, that the household was small, and various other items of gossip, from all of which chaff he picked up the two or three grains of wheat he desired—namely, the assurance that there were no young ladies in the house, whether prisoners or otherwise.

"I hardly thought that he would bring them here,"



he reflected. "He is too sharp to imperil himself. It's sure that the young ladies are not in this house, or some one of the servants would know of it."

Having quite satisfied himself upon this point, he strolled to the stables.

Here he again told his stories of pilgrimage and pious feats, and again received alms.

He lounged about, looking at the horses, and finally sat down, seeming tired from his wanderings.

The temporary excitement produced by his appearance and tales being over, the sycos, or horse-keepers, resumed a conversation which his coming had interrupted.

They were examining the broken axletree and trace, and the footman resumed his narration of the previous evening. The sycos listened eagerly, nothing doubting.

The pretended fakir presently roused himself with an appearance of interest, gathered himself up, and arose, drawing near, and gradually displaying a flattering interest in the narrative.

He even asked some questions and examined the axletree and trace.

A keen scrutiny convinced him that the breaking of the former had been no accident, and the latter had been cut with a knife.

"The accidents" occurred after the young gentlemen got out of the vehicle," he said to himself, "and after the horses appeared to be running away. The whole thing was planned beforehand. The affair was a trap, and the young gentlemen fell into it just as was expected. The young ladies are safe. Puntab knows where they are and Mr. Bathurst knows also. I intend to know."

He lingered an hour or two in the stables, and then went away, having seen nothing of Puntab.

Again outside the villa grounds, he lay down beneath a wayside tree and lazily watched the villa garden-gates.

He had not been long by the wayside when the merchant's carriage rolled out.

The merchant himself looked from the window of his vehicle and beheld the ragged-looking beggar, but he did not give Kalloo a second glance, and the carriage rolled on in the direction of Calcutta.

Kalloo half arose, but settled back again into his lazy attitude.

"He won't go to see the young ladies in the day time," he thought. "He is going now to throw the young gentleman off the scent. Puntab is not with him. Puntab is doing his work while he draws off the pursuers on a wrong track. Puntab is the one I must watch. I'll wait for Puntab!"

About half an hour later, Puntab came along the road from the direction of Calcutta.

He bestowed a sharp glance upon the pretended fakir, who appeared to be asleep.

"Been out all night," was Kalloo's muttered comment.

He arose and moved on towards the town, keeping up his rôle of begging on the way.

He proceeded to the house of a friend in a poor quarter of the city and went to bed.

When night came on again, he was wakeful, alert, and ready for any task that might lie in his way.

He dressed himself in the disguise of the morning, and departed into the streets.

The rain was still falling, and not many pedestrians were abroad.

He hurried out again to Garden Reach, and to the neighbourhood of Banyan Villa, concealing himself and watching the gates with lynx eyes.

About twelve o'clock, the smaller garden gate opened noiselessly, and two shadowy figures came stealing out into the road.

The Parsee lay silent as death. His eyes, straining through the rain and the darkness, made out the identity of the two figures, in spite of the fact that one of them was cleverly disguised.

They were those of Mr. Bathurst and Puntab! The former was disguised as a native.

Kalloo's heart gave a wild bound within him and then grew calm again.

He knew now that he was upon the right track; that it was Mr. Bathurst who had effected the disappearance of the two girls, and he believed that the merchant was about to visit his captives.

Puntab closed the door in the wall softly and locked it. Then, without a word, the merchant strode along the road in the direction of Calcutta, and Puntab followed him at a little distance.

And after them both stole the pretended fakir, his ragged garments soaked with wet and clinging to his skin, his movements alert, silent and cautious.

Now and then he paused, creeping close under a garden wall or behind a tree, in time to elude the observation of the merchant or the Hindoo, as they turned about with superabundant caution to see that they were not followed.

After passing the race-ground and reaching the Esplanade, Mr. Bathurst, in a whisper, bade Puntab

walk beside him. They appeared like two natives of the lower class, having nothing in their appearance to attract attention.

They hurried through a very labyrinth of narrow and ill-odoured passages, overhung with projecting upper stories, now and then losing sight of them, but presently recovering the trail and pursuing it with renewed zeal.

Once or twice he halted abruptly and hid himself in a convenient nook, and just in time, for Puntab came hurrying back, as if to make sure that he and his master were not pursued. Kalloo escaped observation and resumed his pursuit.

Finally the sound of the footsteps of the merchant and his ally died suddenly upon the air, and again the Parsee halted and hid himself.

Upon this occasion Puntab did not double on his track.

After some minutes of intent listening, Kalloo became certain that his quarry had taken to cover—in other words, Mr. Bathurst had arrived at his destination.

Before emerging from his concealment, the Parsee took his bearings.

He found himself in a narrow, unlighted street, a mere passage, in the northern quarter of the city, overhung with projecting upper stories.

Horrible and stinking odours filled the air. The street was wretched, poverty-stricken and villainous, one of those where in the day a squalid, half-naked population teems, where vice stalks unabashed, and where the lowest caste natives, including criminals and beggars, find refuge and safe hiding.

In short, this street was one of the worst in all that region of squalid streets—one of the worst in Calcutta.

A peculiar building, the outlines of which were just visible in the rain to Kalloo's straining vision, put him in possession of a knowledge of his whereabouts.

He recognised the place. He had been here before in his capacity of secret detective, and knew thoroughly the ways of entrance and egress.

The buildings were all dilapidated, dingy, and squalid. The lower floors were mostly bazars, junk-shops, old-clothes shops, liquor stores, and the like. In the upper stories the population thronged like rabbits in a burrow.

The Parsee crept out of his concealment and moved along slowly, peering up into the windows. The darkness here was intense.

Kalloo inspected the buildings with a deepened anxiety and perplexity.

He halted again in the rain, and as he did so the sound of a man's tread within the very house upon the door-post of which he leaned startled, almost electrified him.

The tread was cautious, but in the stillness with his trained sense of hearing, he plainly distinguished it.

"A heavy boot!" he said to himself. "No one would be booted here and at this hour. This must be the house!"

He was about to make a closer investigation, when a low, rustling sound within the dwelling warned him to be on his guard.

He sunk down instantly and silently in a little crevice below the slightly projecting box-window, and was still as death.

The movement was accomplished just in time. The door noiselessly opened, and a Hindoo face presented itself at the slight aperture thus made, and a pair of gleaming, restless eyes took a survey of the street.

Kalloo remained unseen.

The scout retired and secured the door, but for some minutes further the Parsee did not stir from his hiding-place.

But his thoughts were active, if his body was not. It was quite evident to him that Mr. Bathurst and Puntab had entered this very house.

Presently he arose and retreated to the opposite side of the street, and crouching low in a nest of shadows, watched the building that had so excited his attention.

It was wrapped in darkness. The rain continued to fall in a thick veil.

The Parsee's eyes gradually became accustomed to the few feet of distance, and he made out the fact that the lower floor of the house was occupied as a miscellaneous bazaar.

By the time this fact had been digested he recognised the place as one belonging to a notorious receiver of stolen goods, one who had come into conflict with the law upon several occasions, but who was so crafty as to have escaped punishment, and who appeared to carry on his nefarious business in defiance of law or government.

The rooms in the stories above the bazaar were occupied as lodgings by a large number of people, mostly thieves, and all on excellent terms with the bazaar-keeper.

"The girls are in that house!" Kalloo declared to himself, in a positive conviction. "A better hiding place could not have been found for them in all Calcutta. But what can the merchant intend to do with them? He has some strange game of his own in hand. If he has got these wretches in his pay there's work ahead of us. I am sure the girls are there."

He looked longingly at the latticed balconies adjoining the front of the dwelling.

But he dared not attempt to climb them, lest he should bring discovery upon himself, and ruin upon those he would serve.

He continued to crouch in his hiding-place, not stirring thence during a full hour that followed. Then the door of the bazaar again opened, and a Hindoo looked cautiously and searchingly up and down the street. As before, Kalloo escaped his observation.

Almost immediately thereafter, Mr. Bathurst, still in his disguise, and Puntab emerged from the building, the door was secured behind them, and they returned in the direction they had come, yet through different streets than those they had before traversed.

The pretended fakir dogged them through all the labyrinth back to the Strand, and on to the Esplanade and Garden Reach. He beheld them enter the grounds of Banyan Villa, and knew that his long night's vigil was over.

"Now for bed again!" he muttered. "I have tracked my game. How shall I secure it?"

It was now nearly morning. He regained his previous night's lodging under cover of the darkness, and went to bed. He slept till noon, and then in his own proper dress and character repaired to the office of the chief of police.

He had narrated his adventures and discoveries to the chief, and they were deep in consultation, when Armand Elliot's card was brought in. The official ordered Elliot to be shown in, and arose to receive him.

Our hero appeared to have passed a sleepless night. He was more than ever haggard, and appeared oppressed with anxiety. He entered into consultation with the chief and Kalloo, and was informed of the Parsee's discoveries.

His amazement may be conceived.

"It seems impossible, absolutely incredible!" he ejaculated, recalling the expressions of anxiety and solicitude that the merchant had uttered on learning of the disappearance of the two girls. "There must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake, master! declared Kalloo, gravely. "I saw what I have told you!"

"Mr. Bathurst must have gone to the bazaar for some other purpose," exclaimed Elliot—"to recover stolen goods, perhaps!"

"The stolen goods are the young ladies!" said the Parsee, with a smile.

"But if he had had some evil purpose," remarked Elliot, "and had stolen the young ladies, it is scarcely possible that he would have taken them to such a squalid place!"

"He think that you say that," said the Parsee, again smiling. "The bazaar is an unlikely place to hide the young ladies; therefore the young ladies are likely to be hidden there."

With which paradox the chief agreed.

"What do you advise?" asked Elliot, addressing the latter. "What is to be done?"

"Kalloo's advice is sensible," was the reply, "and we cannot do better than to follow it. Your steamer sails to-morrow. The young ladies must be rescued to-night."

Elliot expressed an eager assent.

"If we send an armed force to the bazaar, we shall meet with resistance," continued the chief, "and while we are overcoming that resistance the young ladies will be spirited away by some secret route. Those old houses are full of hidden passages and secret nooks. Our best resource is strategy."

"We will rescue her by strategy—we cannot otherwise," declared the Parsee. "If I had a little force within call, and a brave, strong man at my back, I would guarantee the young ladies' rescue."

"Let me go with you!" cried Elliot. "I can bear any part you may assign me, and wear any disguise. You will thus avoid the necessity of taking more persons into our confidence. Take me with you, Kalloo."

"It would be as much as your life is worth, Mr. Elliot, to venture into that neighbourhood," said the chief.

"Yet she—the young ladies are there, if Kalloo's belief is correct," said Elliot.

The chief regarded the young man keenly, and then said, turning to Kalloo:

"You cannot do better than to take Mr. Elliot with you. He is cool and determined, and will serve you better than any one on our force."

The matter was settled. Other business of import-

ance claiming the attention of the chief, Elliot retired with the Parsee to a private apartment. Here the young Englishman's disguise was arranged and a programme of action laid out. The utmost secrecy was urged by Kalloo, and, as may be thought, Elliot had no desire to inform Walsey Bathurst of his plans, even although young Bathurst was innocent of complicity in his father's schemes.

The interview at its end, Elliot arose to go. "Remember, master," said Kalloo, "that you are to retire to your own room at ten o'clock to-night, and are then to come secretly to this place. Here we will put on our disguise. And then we will make for the bazaar and try to rescue the young ladies. I need hardly tell you, sir, to be cautious! Their fates hang now upon us. If our plan is discovered, they are doomed!"

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

It was night again, dark, cheerless, and rainy. The hour was between ten and eleven o'clock. In the northern portion of the city, the seeming hives of natives were hushed, as if in sleep.

The narrow lanes and passages, shut in by overhanging houses, were black as Erebus.

In the narrowest and most squidly, as it seemed, of all these streets, the darkness was more intense than elsewhere.

Two men came along this street, bearing each of them a small burden. They appeared to be Hindoos, and were shabbily dressed, and moved with extreme caution, often glancing over their shoulders, as if apprehensive of pursuit.

They stopped before one of the buildings, and one of the men knocked loudly upon the doorpost three times in succession, evidently in signal.

Waiting a full minute, he repeated the summons more peremptorily, and after another similar interval, knocked again three times in succession.

The sound of cautious movement within was heard.

A chain rattled, and the door was unbarred, and opened to the extent of a few inches.

A dusky voice appeared at the aperture, and a low, hoarse voice demanded in the Hindoo tongue who was there.

The stranger who had knocked replied by the utterance of a cabalistic word.

The door swung open on the instant, and the two men were invited to enter. They obeyed, stepping into a dark, ill-odoured room.

They waited, waiting while their host again secured the door with bolts and chains.

"This way," he said, when his task was completed. "Follow me."

He moved toward an inner-room, opening the door of communication, and a faint light streamed into the outer room.

By its feeble glimmer the new-comers made out their surroundings.

They were in a bazaar where clothing, firearms, trinkets and jewellery were mingled in a miscellaneous profusion.

Treading a narrow aisle among these objects, the two strangers entered the inner room, finding themselves in the presence of the keeper of the bazaar, who paused, regarding them with keen and anxious scrutiny.

This was the bazaar which Mr. Bathurst and Pantab had entered the preceding evening.

Its keeper was a native, old and grizzled, with piercing eyes and gaunt frame, and with a forbidding countenance, a beak-like nose, and an expression of low cunning and shrewdness that betokened his secret profession as receiver of stolen goods.

The two new-comers were seen to be bronze-skinned, supple and wiry, the one middle-aged, the other, who stooped and who wore a fierce moustache and chin-tuft of grizzled colour, appearing to be advanced in years. Both were apparently Hindoos.

Yet the younger-looking of the two men was the Parsee Kalloo. The other, under his fierce moustaches and stoop and bronze skin and ragged garments, concealed his own identity very cleverly. He was Armand Elliot.

He kept a little in the rear of his companion, and also a little in the shadow, and acted his part to the life.

He was as cool and self-possessed as in a lady's drawing-room, although he well knew the danger he incurred in entering this den of thieves. His nerves were steady, he was alert, vigilant, and prepared for instant action when the need should arise.

"What do you want?" inquired the bazaar-keeper, suspiciously.

"We have goods to sell," replied Kalloo, with a quick glance about him, as if fearing to be overheard.

"How came you here?" demanded the proprietor

sharply. "You are strangers—who are you? How came you to know our signals?"

"Lattob, the Eurasian, my friend, taught me the signal, and directed me here," said Kalloo, coolly.

"Lattob—"

"Oh! Lattob," said the bazaar-keeper, with a look of relief. "He is a friend to me too, and has sent me much trade. Are you two of Calcutta?"

"No, we are from the northern provinces," answered Kalloo. "My friend here doesn't speak our dialect well. We have brought you some goods."

He drew forth his parcel, emptying its contents upon a bench. A few battered silver spoons, a gold necklace, and certain other trinkets were thus displayed.

The bazaar-keeper examined them eagerly. Kalloo demanded what he would give. The man made an offer; Kalloo bargained at great length, demurring at the prices offered.

The Parsee had bought the articles for this very purpose and wrangled over the price he was to receive for them in order to gain time to perfect the scheme he had in hand.

"Let me see what you have," said the bazaar-keeper, turning to his hero.

Elliot opened his package with a pair of very grimy hands, and exhibited an old silver teapot, some silver bangles, and two or three finger-rings set with precious stones, all of which he had bought for this occasion.

The bazaar-keeper examined and tested the stones. Finding them genuine, he asked whence they came. Kalloo smiled, and advised him to maintain his ignorance upon that point. The Parsee demanded what the receiver would give for the trinkets, and the latter responded by offering a sum amounting to a tenth of their value. Then ensued more bargaining. The minutes passed. The strangers were obstinate, and the bazaar-keeper was slow and cautious. Finally, the latter went into the shop with a light, to make closer calculations, and the visitors were left alone.

"Is it not odd that a Hindoo should be in this business?" whispered Elliot, after a few minutes' silence. "With his ideas of caste, how can he handle clothing that might have been worn by a pariah?"

"Oh, Sooraj is not a full-blooded Hindoo," answered Kalloo, in a significantly low whisper.

"He is a half-caste, an Eurasian, and his religion doesn't interfere at all with his occupation."

Elliot lapsed into silence. Sooraj presently returned with the light and the trinkets, and made a slightly increased offer for the valuables. He was eager to possess them, Elliot having had the wisdom to buy one or two gems of considerable value. Kalloo still demurred at the prices offered. A lengthy argument ensued, during which the time slipped away unnoticed by the half-caste.

The discussion appeared drawing to a conclusion. Kalloo showing signs of acceding to the bazaar-keeper's terms, and a flush of exultation was kindling upon the face of the latter, when a signal-knock was heard upon the door of the bazaar.

Sooraj leaped to his feet in dismay.

The visitors sprang up also.

"What is it?" asked Kalloo.

"Business!" replied Sooraj. "You must not be seen here; you must not see my visitors."

Kalloo made a movement towards the outer room. "Not there!" cried Sooraj, grasping his arm. "We will discuss this bargain later. Here—go in here! Go up to the little room at the back of the passage upstairs. Go quickly. Hide there till I come for you. Go!"

He swept the goods aside which Kalloo had brought, covering them with a cloak.

Then he opened a door, at one side of the room, pointed out a rickety stairway and motioned his visitors to ascend.

They obeyed him, and he closed the door upon them, after a final injunction to them to conceal themselves in the room he had indicated.

Then, calming himself and smoothing his features, the half-caste proceeded to obey the mysterious summons, and, after the usual preliminaries, gave admittance to two persons—Mr. Bathurst and his servant Pantab!

The merchant was disguised as on the previous evening, but he had thrown a long cloak about him to protect him from the rain.

As Sooraj looked the door, the visitors passed on into the inner room.

"It's a nasty night," said Mr. Bathurst, throwing aside his cloak. "I knew no one would be here to-night except ourselves, yet I put on my disguise in excess of precaution."

"It was not necessary, master," replied the half-caste, servilely. "You pay me so munificently that

I can afford to turn away customers on the evenings you are expected, as I agreed to do."

"Has no one been here this evening?" asked the merchant.

"No one, master," lied the half-caste, glibly. "I heard one or two knocks at the door soon after night-fall, but I didn't answer the summons. Much of my business comes to me after dark. No one knows how much I may have lost in keeping to my bargain with you, and giving no one admission this evening; but I do not complain!"

"You will lose nothing in the end, Sooraj," said Bathurst. "Keep to your word, and I will pay you well. Have you seen any suspicious-looking persons around here to-day? Has any policeman been through this quarter?"

"Not one, master."

"Our secret is safe, then!"

"Safe as the dead in their graves, master."

"And the young ladies?"

"Are safe also."

The merchant rubbed his hands together.

"I almost regretted afterwards that I did not forge an entrance into their rooms last evening when I called here," he said; "but they were asleep, and their door was locked on the inner side, so I was forced to leave them unseen, unless I proceeded to violence. Did you tell them to-day that a friend would call this evening?"

"Yes, master."

"You mentioned no names?"

"No, master. They have questioned me, but I was dumb."

"Then they do not know to whom they are indebted for this imprisonment?"

"No, master. I have kept the secret well. They think that the friend who is to call this evening is some young gentleman who was their reason, or else that it is some stranger who mistakes their identity."

The merchant smiled.

"How do they bear their captivity?" he asked.

"The one bears it like a queen—the other like a slave!" responded the half-caste. "The one with the hair of gold—Sindia, she is called—she bears as a young lioness. The other is a coward, and pined and wept. They both offered a great reward for their freedom."

"If they should offer you a lac of rupees, it would still be folly and madness even for you to listen to them," said Mr. Bathurst. "Were you to free them they would denounce and ruin you. Besides, they are poor. They have no money. If you serve me, it is my interest to pay you well and defend you. We are in the same boat; we sink or swim together!"

"We do indeed!" exclaimed the half-caste. "I pay no heed to girls' talk, nor I. If they should promise to screen me, their friends would denounce me all the same. No, no, Sooraj, the Eurasian, was not born yesterday."

"Will they have their door locked this evening as before?" asked the merchant.

The half-caste laughed gaily.

"Not so," he responded. "I took out the key from the lock this morning. You can enter at your pleasure."

"Very good. There seems to be no pursuit of them, no search. I shall be able to remove them from Calcutta to-night. My arrangements are all made. It will be better to get them out of the city. Pantab has a little party outside waiting for them. They must put on garments and veils."

"I have them."

"I want them dressed as Mohammedan women, their faces closely covered."

"I have the proper costumes, master."

"Send the parcels up to them; with your wife to act as dressing-maid. But first I will see the young ladies and prepare them for the journey before them. Pantab, remain here and see that no one comes or goes. Sooraj, lead the way to the young ladies' quarters."

The half-caste opened the door and peeped up the stairway by which his previous visitors had ascended. They were not visible.

"The household is asleep," he said. "The way is clear. Come, master!"

He led the way into the dingy, dimly-lighted passage, and up the steep and rickety stairs to a landing on the second floor.

As he passed on, he glanced at the door of the room in which he had ordered Elliot and Kalloo to conceal themselves.

The door was shut, and he hurried on, leading the way up another and still another flight of stairs to the topmost floor of the dwelling.

"That is the door, master!" he exclaimed, pointing to the further room.



"You can go down, Sooraj," said Mr. Bathurst, in a low voice. "Stay with Puntab until I come. Send up the dresses at once. Be ready to let us out of the house at any moment!"

He watched the half-caste descend to the lower floor, and waited until he had entered the near chamber of the bazaar. Then he crept forward towards the door that had been designated, and tried the latch.

It yielded. Lifting it gently, he opened the door and entered the room beyond.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The upper floor of the house at Sooraj consisted of three rooms.

The rear chamber was occupied as a lumber-room, and here were stored articles of merchandise for which there was not room in the bazaar below. The two remaining rooms were of large size, the front one having windows opening upon a box-like balcony completely enclosed with a lattice.

These two chambers were connected by a wide door, and had been newly, though scantily, furnished.

They were singularly clean, considering the house and the neighbourhood, and the floors were freshly covered with an Indian matting of double thickness, the walls had been newly whitened, and a bamboo couch, chairs, and table had been placed in the principal apartment, while in the other were a new bed of the European style and toilet appurtenances.

These rooms had been cleared and fitted up in great haste at the command of Mr. Thomas Bathurst. Sooraj had long been in the power of the wealthy Calcutta merchant, and was eager and willing to serve him in any manner Mr. Bathurst might propose.

It was to these rooms the two missing girls had been brought on the night of their mysterious disappearance.

The manner in which their incarceration had been effected was simple.

It will be remembered that, according to the story of the footman, which was substantially true, that the girls had insisted upon alighting from the carriage as soon as the horses were stopped.

Maya was nearly frantic with terror, and declared her intention of proceeding to the hotel on foot, and Sinda could do no less than accompany her.

The stranger on the coachman's box, and who was no other than Puntab, had descended from his perch, relinquishing the reins to the footman, and had offered to guide the young ladies to the hotel.

Maya had accepted the offer with eagerness, declaring that she would not venture again into the carriage "for worlds."

They were at the moment in the vicinity of the Esplanade, and had gone but a few steps in the direction of the city, under the guidance of Puntab, when he beheld a cab approaching them at a leisurely pace, as if in quest of a fare.

The night was dark and rainy. Puntab, whose identity had not been detected by the girls in the wet gloom, suggested, in a hoarse voice, that the cab might have recently discharged a passenger and be ready for hire.

Maya entreated him to hail the cabman. Her pale-blue silk dinner-dress was already ruined, her feet, clad in thin slippers, were wet, and her temper was sadly ruffled.

Puntab obeyed, hailing the cabman, who drew up beside them with alacrity.

The cab proved to be empty. Puntab hired it, the young ladies entered it, their enemy mounted beside the driver, and the horses moved away rapidly in the direction of the city.

Maya was loud and bitter in her complaints. Sinda was silent. The cab hurried along the Strand towards the northern portion of the town, and then turned aside into the narrow streets populated by natives of the lower class.

For some time Maya was engrossed with her own expressions of discomfort, but she was aroused finally by an exclamation from Sinda, who, peering from the window, was startled at the narrowness and roughness of the streets and the complete darkness that filled them.

"Can the driver have missed his way?" asked Sinda. "This does not look like any quarter we have seen."

"He is taking us around by the longest possible route in order to exact double fare," said Maya, who appeared to be endowed with an amount of worldly wisdom out of all proportion to her experience. "Our dinner-going has turned out stupidly. I wish we had never seen Mr. Bathurst's villa. I have been nearly terrified out of my senses by his vicious

horses, and we shall be lucky if we reach the hotel alive. As to Mr. Elliot and Mr. Walsey Bathurst, they must be enjoying their tramp through the mud and rain!"

"I wish you had been willing to wait for them, Maya, or to turn back to meet them!" said Sinda, in a troubled voice. "They will be greatly alarmed about us—"

"I hope they will be!" interrupted Maya, fretfully. "But their alarm will be short-lived. They will meet the carriage and learn that we have gone on with a guide, and that we are quite safe."

She continued her lamentations, while Sinda stared out of the window with dusky eyes filled with a vague and growing anxiety.

Finally, even Maya, arousing from her sense of present discomfort, began to experience a thrill of alarm.

She was giving expression to it when the cab suddenly halted and Puntab alighted, coming around to the door.

"We are within a short of the hotel," he said. "The horses are dead-tired, and the cabman refuses to drive a step nearer. You will be obliged to walk the rest of the distance, ladies."

"In this rain?" cried Maya. "I won't do it. Tell the man to drive on!"

"He is near his stables and he won't go on," replied Puntab.

An altercation between Maya and the two men ensued, but Sinda cut it short by alighting.

Maya followed in high ill-humour. The cab turned a corner and disappeared.

Puntab requested the young ladies to follow him, and moved down the narrow passage-like street.

Maya gathered up her dress and followed him, but Sinda stood still, trying to peer about her into the gloom.

"We are not near the hotel!" she exclaimed. "There is no street like this near our hotel."

Puntab halted and looked back.

"We are in the street near the hotel," he declared. "Five minutes' walk will bring us to the wide street where the hotel is."

"Why did you stand them in the rain?" demanded Maya, angrily. "I am sure if the young lady doesn't choose to follow us let her remain here!"

Puntab moved on, as directed.

Maya followed, and after a moment's hesitation, Sinda came after them.

Five minutes' walk brought them to the middle of the long row of houses, and to the front of the bazaar of Sooraj.

Puntab halted again, and looked back at the young ladies.

The door suddenly opened. With the rapidity of a flash, the treacherous Hindoo seized Maya and thrust her into the bazaar.

Before she could cry out, she was dragged by Sooraj into the room behind the main shop, and the intermediate door was closed.

(To be Continued.)

## RYBRENT PINE

"Do, Imogene, let me lay aside these jewels with the rest of your wedding-dress to wear in your hair the day you are married. When I see them sparkling amid raven tresses like yours, they always remind me of stars in a midnight sky."

"No, Clara, no; a rose, the flower Rybrent Pine likes best, is the only ornament I shall then wear. A soldier's bride can have little heart to deck herself with jewels, especially when her lover comes to win her from the field of battle, and returns, perhaps, to find there a dying bed."

"Why, Imogene, if I had a lover with such keen black eyes as Rybrent Pine has, I would outsparkle them, were I obliged to have recourse to a score of new shilling pieces, and the light of a farthing candle to make them glisten."

Imogene made no reply to this speech of her merry companion.

Many thoughts were floating through her mind, some of them bright and joyous, but more which were the mournful hues of sorrow.

Clara heeded not her silence, but went on talking merrily in the same strain, till happening to look out of a window which commanded a view of the high road, she exclaimed:

"If there isn't Martin Mickle, the boy who attended Sergeant Payson, when he came here last month, coming towards the house with something in his hand which looks like a letter. It is my opinion," she added, "that the sergeant, not content with the trial he made in person, to win your heart, is going to try the force of his written eloquence, and

if so I think he shows wisdom as well as valour, for I never saw a face, although many call it handsome, with so sinister an expression. He reminded me all the time of the wolf in the fable, dressed in the lamb's clothing."

Imogene rose and went to the window.

The boy had now approached so near as to show he was really Martin Mickle as Clara had conjectured.

He rapped at the door, and on its being opened inquired for Imogene Evelyn, adding that he had a letter for her.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Clara, the loud tones of Martin's voice being easily heard in their apartment. "The sergeant, depend on it, has a talent for besieging, and as he cannot come to the walled cities and castles girt with ramparts, belonging to the enemy, he is manfully bent upon trying his success on a lady's heart."

The person who had delivered the letter from the hands of Martin, now entered and handed it to Imogene.

A deep blush suffused her cheeks as her eyes rested on the superscription, for the handwriting indicated it to be from Rybrent Pine, and not Sergeant Payson, as predicted by Clara; and the paper folded from her cheeks as she ran her fingers over the contents.

It appeared to have been written in great haste, and informed her of the utter impossibility of his being at Sooraj the evening day, which was the twenty-fifth of December, and the day appointed for their marriage, as the enemy had resolved that very night to cross the river, and if possible, take them by surprise.

"Whether our enterprise proves successful, or not," he added, "if Heaven spares my life, you shall soon see me or hear from me. Send me one line, Imogene, by the bearer of this—not to toll me of your disappointment, but to console me for mine, for I know you are too much of a patriot, not to be ready to make any personal sacrifice on the altar of our struggling country."

Imogene's hand trembled at the idea of the hardship and peril to which Rybrent was about to be exposed, but there was nothing in what she wrote expressive of weakness or womanish fear.

The sentiments were lofty and cheering, such as would stimulate the pen of a high-minded patriot; and one who had finished her letter was first, and there was a glow on her cheek, and a fire in her eye, which so heightened her rich and expressive beauty, that Clara thought she had never before seen her look so lovely.

"So much for sentiment and enthusiasm," said Clara. "and although I must confess that they have, in your case, proved better cosmetics than were ever used at a lady's toilet, I must likewise say, that were I subjected to a disappointment like yours, I should be tempted to rail at country, patriotism, and most of all our Fabian general, who could find it in his heart so to direct his military movements, as to spoil what I intended should be the best and merriest Christmas I ever had since those days, when like a certain personage of nursery memory, I thought it a great achievement to pull the plums out of a huge pile of Christmas pie."

Martin Mickle now appeared at the door to inquire if Miss Evelyn had any message to send to Captain Pine, as he intended to spend the night with a relation, which would bring him several miles nearer the encampment, and enable him to reach it in better season the ensuing day.

Imogene hastily folded and sealed her letter, and placing it within the folds of one of the handkerchiefs she had been marking, made them into a packet which she directed to Captain Rybrent Pine.

"Capturing Pine shall have this ere now! It's time to cross the river an' tack the reg'lars, I'll warrant ye," said Martin, with a roguish smile, as if he suspected that there was love as well as linen in the packet, lighted up his small gray eyes and came flat features.

Imogene slipped a small douceur into his hands to insure his fidelity, for which, making an awkward bow, he took leave.

"I hope there's no treason in the letter you've sent your gallant knight."

"Why?"

"Because, though it be written over so legibly, the word knave is written still plainer on every line of your messenger's face, and I'll wager that he will read every word of it before it leaves his hands."

"Nonsense," said Imogene, blushing at the recollection of some few passages which she did not feel anxious to have expressed to a third person. "Rybrent Pine would not have employed a messenger so little trustworthy."

"There are times," replied Clara, "when we must employ those who are to be obtained."

The cold evening of the 25th of December had just



[THE MESSENGER'S APPROACH.]

set in, when a subaltern by the name of Blake, who had been deputed to transmit some directions to that portion of the army selected to cross the river and secure a position at the bridge, in order to prevent the escape of our troops, imagined that he perceived some person moving stealthily along, endeavouring to screen himself from observation by means of a hedge.

Blake hailed him, but instead of answering, finding that he was discovered, he ran with great speed towards the river.

Blake, who was himself swift of foot, being suspicious that all was not right, exerted himself to overtake the fugitive, but probably would have failed in the attempt had not a piece of ice, with its treacherous covering of light snow, caused the object of his pursuit to slip.

"Who are you, and what are you doing?" demanded Blake, seizing him and holding him so as to prevent his rising.

"That is best known to myself," replied the prisoner, struggling to free himself from the iron grasp of his adversary; but though he evinced no lack of nerve and muscle, he proved to be no match for Blake, being to all appearance not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age.

They were not far from the shore of the river, and the dash of oars during an interval of the struggle was distinctly heard, succeeded by a low whistle.

These sounds caused the boy to renew his attempts for freedom with redoubled energy, but finding them to be utterly unavailing, he suddenly forbore all resistance, and even refused to make any exertion to rise.

Blake, however, easily lifted him from the ground, and conveyed him to an adjacent building, in which were stored some casks and lumber, he placed him in the upper story, so as to prevent his escape from the windows.

Having barricaded the door, which was destitute of lock and key, he hastened to convey the orders which he feared had already been too long delayed.

It was not until after the memorable and auspicious battle of Trenton, that Blake remembered his prisoner.

Having procured the attendance of a sheriff, he repaired to the building, and found the door as he had left it, but on entering the apartment, he saw that the boy had made his escape.

A piece of rope, lengthened by a coloured handkerchief, together with one white one, showed the means by which it had been effected.

By this time something of a crowd had been collected, and all were busy in conjecturing who the boy could be.

Many opinions as to his identity prevailed, while all agreed that he had doubtless undertaken to execute some traitorous commission, by the pertinacity with which he refused to answer any question put to him by Blake.

"Who could be his employer?" was the next question, the discussion of which was interrupted by a boy, who exclaimed:

"Here's a mitten I've just picked up that used to belong to me. It is one of a pair I sold to Martin Mickle last week."

"How do you know that mitten from any other?" inquired Whitworth, the sheriff.

"Why do you 'spose anybody else can knit all in flowers, with blue, and red, and yellow yarn, besides Aunt Becky?" said the boy, with an earnestness of voice and manner that showed the faith he had in his aunt's infallibility touching the art of knitting.

Curiosity was now turned from the mitten to the white handkerchief, which was found to be marked with the name of Rybrent Pine.

"Now I know 'tis Martin Mickle," said a young man, "for he has been in Captain Pine's employ ever since he left Sergeant Payson."

One discovery only made room for another. The same person who had untied the handkerchief attached to the rope, now picked up a sealed letter, soiled by being trodden under foot, which by some means had, until now, escaped observation. It was addressed to a well-known officer in the army. Curiosity was too eager for delay, and Whitworth broke the seal on the spot.

It began by saying that the opposing forces would cross the river on the night of the twenty-fifth, and then proceeded by detailing every circumstance of the proposed expedition, with a minuteness and an accuracy which showed that the writer was intimately acquainted with the details.

A short paragraph was subjoined, bearing a later date, in which the writer regretted his inability to procure a messenger he dared trust until at so late a period, that he feared the information would prove nearly useless; the person accustomed to do his errands having been obliged to go in a different direction the day previous.

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the listeners, as sentence after sentence was read, showing how completely the army would have been in the power of the English had the letter reached in season the hands for which it was intended; but when the signature, R. P. was read, the harsh and indignant expressions which momentarily broke from their lips, were by many changed to those of sorrow and regret, for Rybrent Pine was much beloved by all with whom he was personally acquainted. Eager inquiries ran from one to the other, of, "Where is he? Who saw him last? Hasn't he already made his escape?"

A young gentleman by the name of Wilton who just entered the room, and was known to be an intimate friend to Pine, was applied to for information.

He had, he said, five minutes before parted with him at the door of Mrs. Gordon, in whose house Pine had a hired apartment.

To Mrs. Gordon's, therefore, the people directed their steps, but when they arrived in front of the house, by the interposition of Wilton, with the exception of himself only the sheriff and two others entered.

In reply to the question if Captain Pine was in his room, the girl who came to the door said he was, and that he had requested not to be disturbed.

"Go tell him," said Whitworth, "that a person wishes to speak with him."

The sheriff made this request that the girl might serve as a guide to Pine's apartment, and with the others followed her so closely that they were enabled to enter the moment she opened the door.

Pine sat leaning on a table over which were scattered a number of papers.

He appeared to have been nearly asleep, and started up suddenly at the abrupt entrance of his unexpected visitors.

The eye of Whitworth fastened on the papers, and it was his intention to secure them, but Pine becoming aware of his design, snatched them up and threw them into the fire.

All hands, excepting those of Wilton, were in immediate requisition endeavouring to rescue them from the flames, but so rapid was the effect of the destructive element that only a few small pieces were saved.

"Cross the river," "intend to attack the British," were the only intelligible phrases deemed of any consequence, and these, unfortunately for Pine, occurred likewise in the treasonable letter, and went to confirm the suspicion that the papers consumed contained its first rough sketch.

It was of no avail that Pine denied all knowledge of the letter in question, neither did his solemn and repeated asseverations that the papers he threw in the fire, to which he said he was actuated by motives of delicacy, when he saw Whitworth about to lay hands on them, contained only the outlines of a letter which he had sent to Imogene Evelyn, gain readier relief. The suggestion that Wilton ventured to make, that the letter might be a forgery, was treated as highly preposterous and visionary. All present, except his friend Wilton, had no doubt that Pine was the writer, and he was committed for trial accordingly. But little evidence was obtained on the part of witnesses.

The fatal letter signed with the initials of his name, the resemblance of the handwriting, too, although not exactly similar to some specimens exhibited in court, but which were sufficiently so, allowing for the difference of pens and paper, as well as the different degrees of nervous excitement by which the writer might be supposed to be affected, would of themselves have procured his condemnation, had not the law provided, that in case of treason, there should be the testimony of two witnesses "to the overt act, or confession in open court."



The evidence of Hannah Denton, a girl residing in Mrs. Gordon's family, and that of David Mickle, was most important.

In answer to the question whether Pine was in the habit of employing a boy to run on errands, the girl replied that he was, and that his name was Martin Mickle; that on the morning of the 24th of December she was busy in a chamber adjoining Captain Pine's, it being separated from it by only a thin partition, and that she heard him give directions to Martin respecting the delivery of a letter—that she heard him repeatedly charge him not to lose it, for if the person for whom it was intended failed to receive it, it would occasion much anxiety and trouble.

He promised Martin that if he executed his commission faithfully and in season, he would handsomely reward him, in addition to his regular wages—that she then heard the boy say that if he would give him a watch he had seen with a pinchebeck case, he should prefer it to money—that she could not distinctly hear Captain Pine's answer, but supposed that he refused to give it to him, as she heard Martin say in a sullen tone, that if he wouldn't give him the watch he would buy one if he spent all his money for it.

She added that she couldn't tell what was finally decided on, as, having at that crisis finished her employment, she left the chamber.

David Mickle testified that Martin Mickle, his nephew, stayed at his house on the night of the 24th of December, that in the morning he appeared to be in a great hurry, and left very early, having, as he said, promised to carry a letter from the enemy, which ought to have been delivered before—said he should have to go in a boat, had promised to go with him, and assist him in managing the boat, if he would let him wear the new silver watch to meeting the next Sunday, which the officer said he would give him if he succeeded in safely delivering the letter.

Witness further stated that he inquired the name of the writer, also that of the person to whom he was to convey the letter, but that no persuasion could induce his nephew to tell.

Immediate search was made for the watch alluded to by Hannah Denton, and one having a pinchebeck case was found in Pine's apartment at Mrs. Gordon's. Every exertion was made to find Martin Mickle as well as Jimmy Mac'son, but neither of them could be found.

Wilton even, in consequence of a conversation he had with the prisoner, promised a magnificent reward to any person who should succeed in finding the former.

Much sympathy was manifested in behalf of the unhappy Pine, particularly those who had been made widows and orphans during the war, many of whom had in some way been recipients of his bounty.

But this availed him not. A verdict of guilty was returned by the jury, and he was sentenced to be executed on the scaffold.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a stormy evening in January, and Rybrent Pine sat alone in his cell. His noble features were pale and wasted, but they wore an expression of calmness. He raised his head at the harsh creaking of the door. Wilton had come to pay his accustomed evening visit. Pine greeted him with a smile, but soon a change passed over his features. After a silence of some minutes he said, grasping his friend's hand with a nervous gesture:

"Wilton, you are my only earthly trust. When all is over, be a friend to me still. Promise, by all you love in life, by your holiest and most cherished hopes—that dearest of all to the patriot's heart—the hope of seeing our country free—that your exertions shall cease but with your life to wipe away the blot which will darken my memory. Should you succeed, see that my ashes repose beside those of my father and brother, both of whom have fallen on the battlefield in our struggle for freedom. Should the stain continue uneffaced, I would not, could I choose, rest in other than a forgotten grave. When the eye of the stranger rests on the marble which records their names and their virtues, I would not have their memories dishonoured by the question, 'Were they the father and brother of that traitor?' My mother too rests with them in honour and in peace. You know, Wilton, that she died last summer, and that I almost murmured at the decree which tore from me my last earthly relative. I dreamed not then of this hour. I now see that the affliction was kindly meant. Wilton!" said he, giving way to a passionate burst of grief, "were she now alive what would she say to see her youngest and proudest in the felon's cell? Yes, I was proud, but my pride was my country. I was proud of the lofty attitude she dared assume, and which thus far she has dared to

maintain with a valour and constancy which will stamp the names of her sons on an imperishable record. Mine, I have thought, might be one of them, but—let it pass. Hereafter I would speak to you of Imogene."

Voices were at this moment heard in the passage. One of them was a woman's voice, sweet and musical, but full of sadness. Pine started from his chair.

"Merciful Father!" said he, raising his eyes to heaven. "Must this bitterness be also added to my cup? It is Imogene. Does she think me guilty? If she does—"

The door opened and Imogene entered. She raised the crape that shaded her face, for she was a mourner for Pine's mother.

How rude are the touches of sorrow. In the space of a few days her cheeks had become hollow and pale.

She had evidently made a strong effort to nerve herself for this meeting, for her manner was gentle and composed, as she extended her hand to Pine. Her only visible agitation was the deep hectic flush which suddenly dyed her cheeks, but it soon passed away.

"I do not give you the hand of a traitor, Imogene," said he. "It should never contaminate yours by its touch had it ever written aught which would injure my bleeding country. Do you—can you, Imogene, believe me when I say I am innocent?"

"Yes, Pine, I can, and do, believe you. It is not in human nature to betray the country whose soil has been wet with the lifeblood of a father and brother armed for its defence."

"Heaven bless you, Imogene, for binding up this broken heart with such words of comfort. If you and Wilton believe me innocent, why should I care for the opinion of the multitude? Still, Imogene, there is one thought which like an icebolt shoots through my heart. It haunts my brief snatches of slumber, it is with me when I wake. I do not refer to that dread of death, and those yearnings for life, which every person must feel when about to be cut down in the springtime of existence, in the midst of high hopes of fame, and above all, when the long-silent and deep-toned chords of the heart first vibrate to the deeper and holier sympathies of our nature, for all these will perish with me. Death will still all such longings and aspirations. It is the thought that my blighted memory must ever cast over you a withering shade—that you must ever remain a crushed, a broken flower, which no human hand can bind up.

Yet there is One," he added, "who can heal the broken heart, for so he has promised in this book."

As he spoke he took a small pocket-bible from the table, and presented it to her.

"Accept this, Imogene," said he, "as my last gift—the only one—pure and spotless as you are—that I should feel willing for you to receive from one whose sun will soon go down in darkness and in shame!"

The tears of Imogene fell fast upon the sacred gift, as she bent forward to receive it, while Wilton, unable longer to repress his emotion, buried his face in his hands.

Soon afterward the door was opened by the gaoler, and a stranger entered, muffled in a cloak, while a slouched hat entirely screened the upper part of his face.

Wilton withdrew and Imogene remained. The gaoler looked the door, after telling the unknown visitor he must be ready to depart in an hour.

He listened till the last echo of the receding footsteps had died away, then turning to Pine, said:

"I have a proposition to make you, but you must swear by yonder book," pointing to the bible resting on Imogene's lap, "that neither torture nor the promise of pardon will wring it from you. The lady, too, must swear."

"I am a doomed man," said Pine, "and have nothing to fear; yet you must first promise that the oath you require has nothing in it, the keeping of which would tarnish the honour of one not guilty of alleged crime."

"All I require is silence," replied the stranger. "You are at your own option, whether to profit by my proposal, or not."

"Surely," thought Imogene, "I have seen this man before, and she soon became convinced that the pretended stranger was no other than Sergeant Payson.

She, however, looked the suspicion in her own bosom, and, together with Pine, took the oath solicited.

"This is well," said he. "I will now ask if you have any objection to exchange your present situation for one with a prospect of health and long life."

"You only jest by asking such a question," said Pine.

"By no means," was the reply, "as far as human foresight can be depended on, they are both in your power."

"Can it be possible?" said Pine, a sudden hope springing up in his bosom, and brightening his countenance, "that the person is found, supposed to have written to the enemy?"

"It is, as you know, supposed that he is within these walls. But that is not the question. What is ignominy in the eyes of one person, occasioned by viewing objects through a false medium, may, in reality, be honour. To keep you no longer in suspense, I will say that I am authorised to offer you an honourable station in the British army. Everything is arranged so as to secure your escape from prison. Will you go, or will you remain? You have only to say yes or no. Yet consider one moment before you speak. On one side of the picture is displayed wealth and enjoyment, perhaps, splendour and military honours; on the other, the scaffold, the cord, and all the fearful concomitants of a violent and ignominious death. Can you hesitate between the two?"

"No," replied Pine, with energy, "I cannot hesitate. My country may, through ignorance, wrong me, but never will I wrong my country."

"Rybrent Pine, your country has not wronged you. England is your country, and that of all true hearts. Ambition, not patriotism, has urged the colonies to revolt, and before the expiration of another year, they will be torn by the fangs of the British lion. They will grovel, like slaves, for leave to kiss the hand of their master!"

"If so," replied Pine, "it is the only consideration which would reconcile me to my impending fate. Life would be a burden, were my country in chains."

"If you have no feeling for yourself," resumed the tempter, "have it for others. Think of the ties which must be riven—of that grief which crushes the heart, wringing from it the lifeblood, drop by drop. A man may meet death himself without flinching, but that person is unworthy the name of a man who would bring upon a beautiful and innocent young girl a fate ten thousand times more cruel, when a single word from his lips would avert it!"

He had touched the right chord. The sparkling eye of the patriot dropped in agony, and the glow of generous indignation, which a moment before had mantled his cheek, faded to an ashy paleness.

His lips quivered, and he attempted to speak, but the words died away in indistinct murmurs.

For a few moments the drooping girl, who had sat silently by, seemed to have changed characters with her lover.

She rose from her seat, and throwing back the long dark hair, which she had suffered to fall as a shade over her face, she darted at the speaker a look of mingled scorn and reproach.

"Sir," said she, "your trust was in the weakness of a woman's heart. You imagined that she, at least, would be willing to purchase release, from the torture you have so well described, by sacrificing her own and another's patriotism—that she would add her tears and entreaties to your sophistry to induce this wronged and persecuted man to yield his honour for his life. You know not of what a woman, weak and fragile as she appears, may be capable, or you would not have suffered yourself to be so deceived. She may honour and cherish the memory of one who dies unjustly on the scaffold, but she must ever detest that of him who would buy his life with his honour."

"I see," said he, rising and addressing Pine, who by this time had regained his self-possession, "that a few passionate words from a girl, as visionary as yourself, can outweigh all that I am able to urge in your behalf. Be your blood therefore, on your own head, and not on mine?"

He said nothing more, but paced the floor with quick and hurried steps, until the gaoler appeared to set him at liberty.

Wilton was admitted at the same time, who had returned to accompany Imogene to his sister's, who had sent her a kind and warm invitation.

"This must be our last parting," whispered Pine, to his friend, and looking towards Imogene. "Such scenes must not be repeated—they will destroy her."

Imogene approached Pine, and put into his hand a withered rose. "It grew in my greenhouse, she said, "and I had reserved it for a happier hour. Keep it now, for my sake, till—"

She could say no more, but leaning on the arm of Wilton for support, she gave her hand to Pine. He received it in silence.

He dared not trust his voice, in attempting to pronounce what he felt must be the last farewell.

We will now return to the same apartment where we first saw Imogene and her friend Clara.

Sorrow had so blended the days and nights, that Clara almost hoped that Imogene did not remember this was the fatal day.

"Will you not taste of the toast, and wet your lips with the coffee?" said Clara.

Imogene shook her head, and turned away with a sense of loathing at the idea of tasting food. Clara, too, turned away, but it was to hide her tears at beholding the fixed look of despair which pervaded her countenance, so lately expressive of health, enjoyment and energy.

The day was verging to its close, when something of stir and bustle was heard below stairs. Imogene started wildly up, and exclaimed—"It is Wilton! He was to stay by him till the last. All then is over."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, as if struggling to control the paroxysm of agony which assailed her, and appeared as if attempting to speak, but the convulsive movement of her throat prevented any articulate sound.

A low moaning was alone heard, as she sank down overpowered by the intensity of her emotions. Clara was the first person she recognised when she began to revive.

We give the substance of what Clara had to communicate in a form more connected.

Wilton, who had never grown remiss in his exertions to find Martin Mickie, was walking by himself in a solitary place, when the object of his solicitude appeared suddenly before him, and thrust a letter into his hand, and as suddenly disappeared. It was addressed to himself, part of which we subjoin:

"I FEEL convinced that I never again shall enjoy peace of mind, if I suffer the life of an innocent man to be sacrificed, when it is in my power to prevent it. The letter addressed to the British officer, and attributed to Rybrent Pine, was written by myself. Antecedent to this, I found means to give a verbal promise that I would, if possible, apprise the English, should any important movement be contemplated by us. I was prevented from keeping my promise, when the right time came, until so late as four that all were on the alert, so that my communication was almost sure to be intercepted. Should this happen, I knew my fate; unless I took some method to lessen suspicion on some other person. I, therefore, transcribed the letter I had prepared, imitating as well as I could the handwriting of Pine, in which I succeeded tolerably well, having a specimen of his writing in my possession. This artifice was suggested by the coincidence of the initials in our names, and from my having engaged Martin Mickie, then in his service, to transmit it. I must confess, too, that I was actuated in part by motives of revenge, he being my successful rival in an affair of the heart. But I find that all other passions have vanished before that of revenge. I have already made an unsuccessful attempt to save him—he, himself, knows in what way.

"I am now in the service of the British, and if the statement I have made does not prove satisfactory, I am authorised to say that reference may be made to the officer I addressed the letter to, and others, who will vouch for its authenticity."

"ROBERT PAYSON."

To this was added a long argument, by which the writer endeavoured to prove that he had acted rightly in joining the British.

Three days subsequent to this the innocence of Pine having been satisfactorily established, Wilton had the happiness of throwing open the prison door, and saying to him:

"You are free!"

It cannot be imagined that Pine could rise at once to meet the sunshine, which burst so suddenly through the cloud that had covered him as a mantle.

Over Imogene the tempest had swept with a still darker wing, but it had passed away, and left the horizon without a cloud.

Pine and Imogene had joined hands at the altar, and the halo of domestic affection shone over them with a pure and steady light.

It was a mild and genial day in autumn. The army was disbanded, and fathers and sons, husbands and brothers, were expected home.

Among the many worn veterans, whose dwelling-places had been the tented field, were Rybrent Pine and his friend Wilton.

As the hills cast their lengthening shadows on the plain, frequent and earnest were the looks which Imogene directed towards the spot where her husband would first appear in sight.

Nor did Clara, who was now the wife of Wilton, and Mrs. Pine's guest, approach the window less frequently, though her visits were more brief.

A number of horsemen were at length despatched, whose dress betokened them to be from the army.

Had a painter been present at this moment, to portray the figure of Imogene on his canvas, the picture might have proved no unfaithful representation of the beautiful Helen, as she stood on the walls of Troy, watching the Grecian heroes.

Clara stood by her side, and might have represented one of her handmaids, who would herself have been a beauty in any other presence.

After the first greetings were over, when happiness was so deep and heartfelt as to almost wear the garb of sorrow, all present, including those who returned with Pine, and a few neighbours, who had assisted in winning the battles of their country, and were accompanied by their families, sat down to the feast.

The spirit of genuine hospitality pervaded the board, while each in his turn "fought off his battles," and recounted his "hairbreadth escapes."

O. C. C.

## FAETIA.

"GRACE before meat," as the young lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

—Punch.

## A DISENCHANTMENT.

NORTHERN CROSSUS: "Oh! I'm so glad to meet you here, Mr. Vandyke Brown. The fact is, I've a commission for you."

OUR YOUTHFUL LANDSCAPE PAINTER (dissembling his rapture): "All right—most happy—what is it to be?"

NORTHERN CROSSUS: "Well—my aged grandmother is going to London by this train—and I want to put her under your protection."

(Our youthful landscape painter dissembles again.)

—Punch.

## AN IRISH "SEQUITUR."

TRAVELLER (they had already walked a mile from the station): "Hi, Lassy, porter, do you call this 'No way at all?' I thought Doneybrook Lodge was 'near the terminus.'"

PART: "Fair, I cannot say, sor, I was a 'folloria' o' you gentlemen!"

—Punch.

## MASTER TOMMY'S VIEW OF IT.

MASTER TOMMY (he had been very naughty, and was now punishing himself with his Scripture prints: "Here's Daniel in the lion's den"):

MARTHA (indignantly): "Ah, what was he cast into the lion's den for?"

MASTER TOMMY (with triumph): "Cause he was good!"

—Punch.

## STILL "ANOTHER ATROCITY."

A FRIVOL ORATOR, recently resting on the street, said, among other high-sounding, "Yes, gentlemen, I can imagine Britannia, in her righteous anger, upholding her right arm, and gnashing her teeth with rage," &c. This would make a striking picture, and the "national gal" as she appeared when, &c., ought at once to be transferred to canvas, and placed in the "Gnash"-ional "Gal"—lery.

—Fun.

GOOD NAME FOR A WARRIOR.—Field Marshal Wrangle.

—Fun.

## CONDIMENT.

WAITER: "Will you take anything with your steak, sir?"

CUSTOMER (who finds it "rather high"): "Yes, sir, a little disinfecting fluid, sir."

—Fun.

## A GENTLE REMINDER.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER: "What nasty wet weather we've been having lately, Mr. Swizzle."

MR. SWIZZLE: "Oh, yes, Miss Betty, very wet, indeed; but it's been mainly outside w' me!"

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO (ACCORDING TO C.H.M.):

SHOPWOMAN (to Lady from the country): "Yes, miss, it's the last in stock; the ladies all dress like gentlemen now, and with their Usurers and 'Duals' they don't require many under garments."

—Judy.

## FROM OUR OWN HAPPARER.

A MAN unhappy in this world should, upon leaving it, become a spirit medium. If not thoroughly blissful, he would, at any rate, be far happier.

—Fun.

## FILL MY "POCKETS," I'LL FILL YOURS.

THE hop-pickers have returned from Kent. Many are under the impression that their labour was compulsory. On the contrary it was quite optional.

—Fun.

## A FELLOW FEELING.

BIDDY (to Pat, whose pig won't go past the priest's house): "Och! Pat, me honey, don't you see the poor baste wants to go to confession?"

PAT: "Sure thin, the 'artful' devil knows he's a-going to do, an' still!"

## COLOURABLE.

HER MAJESTY in presenting some colours recently to the 1st Royal Scots at Ballater, exclaimed, "I rejoice in having a son who has devoted his life to the army." The 1st Royal Scots were not the only soldiers who were found in new colours that day.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

FEAR-BECKER: "Here! I say, I can't hold on any longer! 'Hi! 'Oh! I'm falling! What is below?"

FOOD WISE: "Only dirty water, dear! But oh, stop! such a lovely 'Lastest'! If you fall on it I shall never forgive you."

## LANCASHIRE AND BULGARIA.

LANCASHIRE ARTISAN: "Look 'ere, wench, if thee don't want taste of those 'ere on 'tast, fist thee get my steak and onions and quarts o' milk ready agin I come back from 'trouty meetin'."

## GIVING IT A NAME.

DR. SLADE, the "spiritualistic medium," has got into trouble through that useful scholastic article, the slate. His so-called spirit writing is believed to be nothing more than "sleight" of hand.

## IN MEDIAN RES.

"If you wish to arrive at truth," says the proverb, "avoid extremes." But experience does not always prove that by taking a medium course you always reach truth. On the contrary, the conduct of some mediums—Dr. Slade for instance—seems to exhibit very much the reverse.

## A FARMER.

A FARMER, the other day, wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the former's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied, "He sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

THERE are people in Chicago who are pleasantly referred to as "eighteen-cent frauds." They are men who profess Christianity and charge ten per cent. commission for passing round the plate in church.

THE following couplet 'twas cut in the wood over a mantel-piece in an old manor-house near Reigate, Surrey.

A good home never stumbles;

A good wife never grumbles.

A married man who was recently at a whist party, when he proposed to go home, was asked to stay a little longer.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife is probably already as mad as she can be."

Two young ladies were once singing a duet in a concert-room. A stranger, who had heard better performances, turned to his neighbour, saying:

"Does not the lady in white sing wretchedly?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied he, "I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments; she is my sister."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered he, in much confusion, "I mean the lady in blue."

"You are perfectly right there," replied the neighbour; "I have often told her so myself; she is my wife!"

## DOLLS.

To the mind given to generalisation, dolls are apt to appear monotonous, possibly inane; but what a mistaken notion that is, it needs only inspection of a good stock of them and inquiry into the method of production to be convinced.

The autumn lounge who cannot be attracted by a doll-shop must be hard to please and of restricted sympathies, for it is a world in little, and represents society not only in its simplest elements, but in its complicated forms and varieties.

There is, indeed, a deficiency in masculine interest; only in French doll-shops are "Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé" impartially represented; in ours gentleman dolls are few and unattractive; mothers and children have the shelves and window-fronts all to themselves, and occupy them in a variety undreamed of by the doll buying world when the mothers of the present day played with dolls, and those works of art as deficient in "outline" as Mr. Mantelini's countess, were fashioned with a serene disregard to anatomy which even gutta-serena would be ashamed of now.

Where is the Daisie doll of those vanished ages, whose amazing joints worked on the principle of



the axle, and whose stomach was as flat as those of the most unpleased of Sir Samuel Baker's clients on the White Nile?

Where are the dolls with red dabs for mouths, and bodies composed of one thick pink-kid sausage, terminating in two thin pink-kid sausages (say a Lyons and two Cambridge), with their ends shaped to the fineness of the feet of Miss Knag's mamma, as mentioned in the annals of Kate Nickleby's fortunes?

They are no more to be seen, not even in the humblest shops; they have vanished with that zoological nondescript, a short barrel on four upright pegs, with a fragment of fur nailed at one end, and red wafers stuck all over its surface, which was last seen in the hands of Mr. Toole, when, as Caleb Plummer, he pathetically declares that "it is as natural as he can make it for sixpence."

### THE WRONG TIME.

"Put the little one to bed," says some one, alluding to the habit that some parents have of deferring punishment for faults committed during the day until bed-time. Never whip children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's screech, the mother's kiss, be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure, and the night's sleep. Send the child to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment, or disgrace, let them meet in the day-time, and have hours of play or thought in which to recover happiness, which is childhood's right. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in bed happy.

### LIFE DEPENDING UPON A MOMENT.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth a gentleman of the name of Norton was condemned to die, with his nine sons, for rebellion. They were all in York Castle, awaiting the execution of the sad sentence. His only daughter resolved to make an attempt to save them, and went to London to beg for the lives of her kindred. She succeeded in obtaining an interview with the queen, and so successfully pleaded for her father's house, that the royal pardon for all the prisoners was written out immediately, signed by the queen's own hand. The warrant for their death had been signed and sent off to York a short time before. The queen committed the royal pardon into the hands of a messenger, and said, "As you wish to obey me, or expect future favours from me, make all speed with this to York, that the prisoners may be spared and set at liberty."

He made as much haste as he could, galloping all the way to York; but before he reached the city Norton himself had been beheaded, and the fatal axe had fallen upon eight of his sons. There was only time to save one.

The executioner had lifted up the axe to sever his head also from his body, when the messenger appeared, and produced the pardon, which arrested the last dreadful blow.

### ENVY.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted, and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state this is: to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him!

The condition of the envious man is emphatically miserable. He is not only incapable of rejoicing in another man's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

### HOW HE FOUND OUT WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF HIM.

MR. JOHN SULLIVAN had been living in Hampshire many years, and although he had always got on, after a fashion, he had no reason to suppose that his neighbours set any particular store by him, more than they did by other people. They did not go out of their way to greet him, nor deprive themselves of

their accustomed sleep for the pleasure of his society.

All at once, however, John Sullivan found occasion to change his opinion as to the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best. At the bare sight of him a great crowd of his neighbours sent up a shout that made the welkin ring, and that, too, in the middle of the night! What had Mr. Sullivan done to evoke this demonstration? He had simply fallen into a well, where the earth had caved in and buried him, and then his friends had rescued him.

MORAL: If you wish to learn how highly you are valued, fall in a well and be covered by the sand; but look out not to be buried so deep that you will not be restored to pleasant life again.

### ADOWN BY THE ORCHARD WALL.

Adown by the mossy orchard wall,  
The while the perfumed rose-leaves fall,  
And the robin trills his merry song,  
Two lovers stroll; but what they say,  
Nor you nor I shall know to-day;  
For the boundless store  
Of Love's sweet lore  
To robins and lasses will ever belong.

By busy hands the meadows are strown  
With the fragrant billows of grass, new-mown;  
But still the robin pipes his lay,  
And listening, now, the lovers wait  
Beside the slowly swinging gate;  
For once they pass—  
Outside, alas!  
Through work-a-day paths their feet must stray.

They are living now life's blossoming hours,  
When every walk is aglow with flowers,  
And never a day is fraught with care;  
Though toil may threaten and frown at will,  
Their happy hearts keep singing still:  
"Youth is the time—  
For a wedding chime;  
Love, love is sweet and the whole world fair!"

They never dream that youth must grow old—  
That the sunny head must lose its gold—  
That bounding limbs e'er grow less free—  
That over the white and shapely hand  
May grow too thin for Love's shining band!  
And, saddest of all,  
That one may fall,  
And their love live only in memory!

Ah! happy, happy, youthful pair,  
The world is sweet, and life is fair,  
While you joy in the clasp of clinging hands!  
And when, old and lonely, you totter down  
Life's last, slow hill, may love still crown  
Each silvering head,  
By true love led  
Across Harsh's wearying, desert sands!

L. S. U.

### GEMS.

ACTIONS speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of man; while motives, like sap, are hidden from our view.

The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.

In selecting a business be governed to some extent by your natural tastes and abilities; but do not neglect any opportunity that affords advantages unless it makes requirements that are positively repulsive.

Flattery is like base coin; it impoverishes him who receives it.

We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

A wise man does at first what a fool must do at last.

It has been beautifully said that "the evil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

If I am treated rudely, let me examine into the cause, and if I cannot discover any sort of impropriety in my own conduct, I may disregard the rule-

ness, and consider him who displays it as no better than a brute, and why should the conduct of a brute disturb me?

We correct ourselves many times better by the sight of evil than by good example; and it is well to accustom ourselves to profit by evil which is so common, in the place of good which is so rare.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain; it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

One of the saddest descriptions one can give of a household, is that the master of it "generally goes out of an evening."

It is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the ploughman at the bottom of it, labour hardest and suffers most.

To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or bring blushes into his face, is a degree of murder.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

UNRIPE FRUIT.—Mothers cannot watch their children too closely during the summer and autumn, to prevent them eating unripe fruit. The process of digestion is very rapid with children, and they almost incessantly crave food, especially fruits and sweets. Even ripe fruit must not be indulged in too freely. Many people are of the opinion that if children like a thing it must be good for them. This is a great mistake.

CURRENT JELLY.—Proportions, one pint of juice, squeeze the currants, and boil the juice twenty minutes; then add the sugar, which should be heating while the juice boils. Stir well together until the sugar is all dissolved, which will probably be as soon as boiling begins again, and your jelly will then be done. The colour is brighter and the flavour much finer than in the old-fashioned way of boiling sugar and juices together. This receipt has been well tested.

GINGER POP.—Two gallons lukewarm water, two ounces white ginger root, two lemons, two pounds white sugar, one tablespoon cream tartar, one cup of yeast. Bruise the root and boil in a little water to extract strength; cut and squeeze the lemons and put in the water, skins and all; add the yeast when lukewarm; let the mixture stand in the kitchen in a jar for twenty-four hours; then bottle. In twenty-four hours it will pop.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SCANDAL.—What's the use of minding what "They say?" What's the use of lying awake at nights with the unkind remark of some false friend running through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busy-body who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch, until it dies of inherent weakness.

From a return just printed, it appears that in the last session there were 255 public Bills in the Commons, of which 64 were United Kingdom Bills, 85 English Bills, 64 Irish Bills, 28 Scotch Bills, and 16 "other Bills."

The "Frod Evan's" comic ballet company are doing an immense business in Paris at the THEATRE DES FOIES BERGERES. The Parisian papers are immensely eulogistic of our clever pantomimist and his corps.

At the MARYLEBONE, Mr. J. A. Cave presents his patrons with a startling drama, "The Mysterious House in Chelsea," and the "Irish Tutor," by Mr. Eonie Power.

Mr. J. S. Clarke, with a selection from the Haymarket company, has set out on a short provincial tour.

Mr. William Creswick will open the Park Theatre on the 14th October. The new play will be entitled, "A Ray of Light," the leading character by Mr. Creswick.

In the course of the coming season there will be a series of "Dickens' Performances" at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

At the GREEK a new play, entitled, "The Sole Survivor," was produced on Thursday for the benefit of Mr. George Conquest, the lessee, one night too late for detailed notice in this week's impression.

## CONTENTS.

Page	Page
THE YOUNG PERSON 577	LETTER DEPENDING 599
THE BUBBLE THAT 580	UPON A MOMENT 599
BURBS 580	HOW HE FOUND OUT 599
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS 581	WHAT THEY THOUGHT 599
THE WORTH 581	OF HIM 599
A MORNING DREAM 583	GEMS 599
STOLEN FRUIT 584	HOUSEHOLD TALK 599
SCIENCE 585	SURE 599
A NEW FLYING MA- 585	MISCELLANEOUS 599
CHINESE 585	
OCEANIC BIRDS 585	
REUBEN; OR, ONLY A 585	
GIPSY 585	
HIS EVIL GENIUS 589	
WESTMINSTER ABBEY 591	
AFTER THE RESTORA- 591	
TION 591	
THE DIAMOND BRACE- 591	
LET 591	
RYEBURY PINE 595	
FACTORY 598	
DOLLS 598	
THE WRONG TIME 599	
REVI 599	

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S.—The custom of shaking hands originated with the Romans. They had a goddess whose name was "Fides." "Fidelity." She wore a white veil, emblematic of modesty. Her symbol was two right hands joined; therefore in all compacts among the Greeks and Romans it was usual to take each other by the hand to signify their intention of keeping the agreement.

H. H.—Flowers may be revived by changing the water, and restored by being placed in hot water, deep enough to cover one-third of the stem. When the water is cold the flowers will have become reset; they should then have their stems cut and placed in fresh cold water. A few grains of salt dropped into the water in which the flowers are kept likewise tend to preserve them from fading.

TED.—There are bad men in all churches, just as there are wicked people in all classes of society. A particular church, therefore, cannot be charged with the transgressions of its members. But we must say that all material churches are burdened with a larger proportion of the wicked than those which are more spiritually constituted. Those who cling to the flesh must be fleshy.

J. F.—Timidity is love ranks with cowardice in war. It loses the battle. It is an offence against the laws of courtship. Reflect that "faint heart never won fair lady," and be bold, resolute, and withal, modest. There is a wide difference between delicate reserve and a craven fear of giving offence. The worship of a true heart is never an affront to a true woman.

MARY.—To remove mildew stains from linen, take soap and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub it also on the linen; afterwards lay it on the grass, and as it dries wet it a little. The stains will disappear on twice repeating the process.

STATIONER says: "I am a young man, and in the book-business for myself. My trouble is this: There is a lady friend of mine, with whom I used to keep company before she was married, that has for three or four months been calling at my place of business very often after some little notion or other, and after she gets what she calls for she stays for an hour or more talking, which has caused a number of parties to make remarks about her being at my place of business so often. If I say anything to her she laughs, and says we are old friends. Now, how shall I stop it, without offending her and her husband? You should manage to be so busy when she calls that you will have no time to talk with her. It is doubtless mere thoughtlessness on her part. As soon as she is led to reflect upon the matter she will probably see how foolish she is acting, and desist from annoying you. If she does not tell her plainly that she must do so.

GASTRIDE.—Your uncle and aunt, in their great anxiety for your welfare, are probably too suspicious, and are unjust towards your betrothed. If you love him, and are satisfied that he loves you, and there is no fault in his character, you should not let the suspicion on the part of your friends that he cares only for your fortune break off your engagement. You are old enough to act on your own judgment.

FAIR OAK.—The second offer seems to be the most desirable. But you and your parents, who are on the spot, and know all the circumstances of the case, ought to decide such a matter for yourselves.

E. P.—A gentleman walking out with a lady should not stop to talk to a gentleman unacquainted with the lady. A bow of recognition is the etiquette. There is a good deal of formality in these matters, and if we go on as we have been going on for some time past we shall be as precise as the Chinese before long. The "half-follow-well-met" feeling seems to be fast going out of fashion.

EDITH.—The following will cure sunburn: Put two spoonfuls of fresh cream into half a pint of new milk, squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, half a pint of brandy, and a little alum and loaf-sugar. Boil the whole, skim well, and when cool apply night and morning.

M. E.—In this country sixteen is a very improper age to marry. Why, in barbarous Russia no girl—whether noble or peasant-born—is allowed to be married until she is seventeen. Do you wish to be an old woman in the years that you ought to be enjoying the bloom, and freshness, and luxuriance of youth? Some smooth tongue or family intrigue has made quite a lunatic of your little heart.

H. F.—You can only get over your bashfulness in the

presence of ladies by frequenting their presence as much as possible. In order to acquire the ability to converse fluently with ladies you must keep conversing with them as well as you can.

J. B.—We do not undertake to notice articles received or rejected.

CYRIL.—The making of wedding presents should precede the solemn ceremony.

B. R. M.—It is not etiquette for mutual recognitions to take place in church during the service.

F. K.—The bayonet was so called from having been invented in Bayonne, in France.

MAUD.—It is not etiquette for persons in deep mourning to attend evening parties.

MUMIE.—Cold cream, if used in moderation, and when requisite is not injurious to the complexion.

M. D.—Consult your glass. Mere regularity of features does not make a beautiful face if "the mind and the soul be wanting there."

LIZIE.—Bunions and corns are caused by pressure, and the remedy lies in the removal. Bath the afflicted parts in a decoction of black tea or rose-leaves.

W. L.—We do not know of any Exhibition where you can introduce your production. Better consult a dealer in such articles.

SUZAN.—Blushing is natural, and subsides as the years advance. Go more into good society, so as to get accustomed to its usages and acquire self-command.

HARRY.—Washing in bran water, and constantly wearing soft gloves, will tend to render naturally red hands more presentable.

TOM.—The comic song which you mention is not published with the music.

K.—It can be greatly improved by practising from good copies.

CRAIG.—The word Aago is pronounced as though spelt Onco.

M. H.—We did receive it, and you shall hear from us before long.

## A LOVER'S DREAM.

Unceasing as the flowing stream,  
My thoughts roll on like passing dream

My love for thee is still the same,  
A hidden fire, a burning flame;

Lit by thee.

While I write I feel thou'rt here,  
Thy dulcet tones fall on my ear,

Sweet by now.

I long to hear thy voice away,  
To make my life one happy day

In love's vow.

The moving music of thy chords  
Are sweeter far than tuneful words,

Heart or lyre;

O! come, then, closer to my breast,  
Bid every anxious trouble rest—

Heart's desire.

Come with me, then, oh! come away,  
Amid the fields of love we'll stray;

Joy and bliss;

Inhale the perfume from each flower  
That blossoms in the verdant bow'r;

Nectars kiss

In this sweet bliss I still would seem  
The actor in a pleasing dream;

Yet would I longer willing stay,  
And dream my happy hours away.

F. S.

S. A. L., widower, with two loving children, would like to correspond with a Christian young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be domesticated, musical, and rather short.

ANNIE, nineteen, tall, considered good looking, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy.

EMILY, twenty-two, medium height, fair hair and blue eyes, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a young man of a loving disposition, and fond of home.

BOB, thirty, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, with dark hair and eyes, and of a loving disposition.

NELLIE, twenty, fair, and loving, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-one, dark complexion.

TERENCE, twenty, medium height, good-tempered, blue eyes, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a respectable young lady about twenty, with a view to matrimony.

ELLA, eighteen, medium height, fair, good looking and of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman. Respondent must be fond of home and music.

AMGROOT, twenty, medium height, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a respectable young man with a view to matrimony.

GENUINE, thirty, a widower, would like to correspond with a loving, thoroughly domesticated young lady, with a view to matrimony.

LILY and SNOWDROP, friends, wish to correspond with two tall, dark young gentlemen. Lily is nineteen, medium height, fair complexion, and dark brown hair.

SNOWDROP is seventeen, fair complexion, light brown hair. Both of very loving dispositions, and good education.

Respondents must be affectionate, and fond of home. Tradesmen preferred.

LAURA AMT, seventeen, tall and fair, brown hair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy. Would like him to be tall and dark, and good looking.

TOM and FRED, two friends, would like to correspond with two good looking young ladies about eighteen. Tom is twenty, dark hair and eyes, and medium height. Fred is eighteen, fair complexion, and medium height.

KATE, twenty, tall, brown hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a respectable young man. Tradesman preferred.

W. F., twenty-four, dark complexion, and tall, wishes to correspond with a young lady who is fond of home, and good tempered.

BRIGGS, a seaman in the Royal Navy, about twenty-one, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady between nineteen and twenty-one. Respondent must be of a loving disposition.

SCARLET, twenty-three, medium height, dark hair and eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady of a loving disposition.

ETHEL, seventeen, medium height, brown hair, fair complexion, considered good looking, good tempered, and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young man with a view to matrimony. Must be fond of home.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

FRANK is responded to by—Violet, twenty, medium height, dark grey eyes, dark grey hair, and fair complexion.

GEORGE by—Ada, eighteen, tall, blue eyes, dark hair, and fair complexion. Considered good looking, and thinks she is all he requires.

EDGAR GEORGE C. by—Topsy, twenty-three, considered good looking, of a loving disposition, domesticated, and thinks she is all he requires. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

MARIA by—Theodos, seventeen, medium height, fair, blue eyes, musical, and holds a good position in the Royal Navy.

FANNY by—Romeo, eighteen, good looking, a flirted, and holding a good position in the Royal Navy.

MARIE by—Orpheus, 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, and fond of music.

FANNY by—Jupiter, eighteen, 5ft. 7in., light hair, and dark blue eyes.

JOHN by—Annie, nineteen, fair, light hair, medium height.

WILLIAM by—Alice, twenty, black hair and eyes, and thinks she is all he requires.

JAMES by—Lizzy, twenty-four, brown hair, and hazel eyes.

FANNY by—Auctio, seventeen, tall, and considered good looking.

MARIE by—Aqueous, nineteen, tall, and practising a good profession.

WILLIAM by—Marie, nineteen.

JOHN by—Frances, seventeen.

JAMES by—Polly, twenty-one.

ARTHUR by—Nelly, twenty-two, fair, medium height, curly hair, hazel eyes, domesticated, and of a loving disposition.

JAMES by—Frances E., who thinks she is all he requires.

BARE PLUG by—Lassie, twenty-one, dark, medium height and fond of children. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

C. B. by—Gertrude, twenty-three, tall, considered good looking, of a loving disposition. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

LIZZIE by—Joye, dark, tall, and considered good looking.

LAURA by—A. P., seventeen, tall, fair complexion, and considered good looking.

LAURA by—Achilles. Would like to receive carte-de-visite.

MOLLY by—William, twenty-three; considered good looking.

DANIEL by—Frederick J. B., nineteen, medium height, blue eyes, good-tempered, and in a good, respectable position.

FRANK by—Maggie, twenty-one, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

GEORGE by—Rin, twenty-one, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

FLYING ROYAL by—E. M., eighteen, medium height, fair complexion, and blue eyes.

DASHING DIKE by—Ada, twenty, and considered good looking.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS, PARTS and VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print and may be had at the Office, 33, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Post-free for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Sixpence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free, Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

LIFE and FASHION, Vols. 1 and 2, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence each.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

\*. Now Ready Vol. XXVI. of THE LONDON READER Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the INDEX and INDEX to Vol. XXVI., Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 163 (September) Now Ready, Price Six pence, post-free Eightpence.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 33, Strand, W.C.

†† We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Published for the Proprietor, at 33, Strand, by G. A. SMITH.